20c APRIL 6, 1953

THE MENACE OF McCARTHYISM

New Republic

SPRING BOOKS

Essays and Reviews

HERBERT READ
STEPHEN SPENDER
ROBERT FITZGERALD
IRVING HOWE
JOHN L. SWEENEY
MARK SCHORER
ARTHUR MIZENER
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CHAIRMAN ROBERTS LEAVES THE CRUSADE
by Kenneth S. Davis

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APR 2 1953

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Letters

Good American

● In the March 2 number of the *New Republic* there is a letter from a teacher of Dallas, Texas. I have just cut it out and am sending it to my friend Adlai Stevenson. He should have it tucked away in his pocket to look at once in a while!

Will you have a galley runoff of the letter for me! I could use at least a hundred copies. And of course will gladly pay any cost! It is this sort of statement that can help the good cause of saving America, by saving the honest, decently, critical, loyal, adventurous mind!

He says—the author—that he is not a praying man! I am a praying man and I pray daily that the heart of the President may continue to beat, certainly for the four years of his incumbency.

One of these days he will clash with this strange misguided inquisitor, McCarthy, and that will be something, for President Eisenhower is a good man, and has proved his love of the country.

According to my standards, neither McCarthy nor Nixon are good men.

Anyway God bless the teacher from Dallas and all his worthy patriotic ancestors.

Carmel, Calif. REMSEN BIRD

● . . . The *New Republic* stands as a bulwark against the further encroachments of our freedoms by the reactionaries. The articles are thought-provoking, and many are a real inspiration. Inspiring, indeed, was the letter entitled "Who Is A Good American?' (*NR*, March 2). What an eloquent expression of the golden promise of the American dream—a statement worthy to be read and digested by every human being who professes to adhere to the truths of our Constitution and Declaration of Independence.

Los Angeles, Calif. LESTER H. HAYES

Raise Subscriptions?

● I have read with enthusiasm your declaration of a new policy, the policy of a subscriber supported journal. I am enclosing my check for two subscriptions, one for myself and the other for my brother, a retired judge in California. I would like the latter to begin with your issue of March 16 and your declaration of economic independence.

I do not know whether you can compass your aim at the present subscription rate. Then put the rate up! I'll go with you at double the rate, and I know that thousands of your subscribers would do so. But we would ask you, from time to time to report to us on costs and receipts. If we are to pay in full for what we are getting we become in a sense your partners, with the partner's right to full information.

I never have been happy over my dependence on whisky and cigarette ads for my access to valid information and reasoned opinion. All honor to whisky and cigarettes; but I don't like to count as a kept reader.

New York City ALVIN JOHNSON

● Would a subscription price of $8 plus contributions from subscribers put over the program for you so you can continue giving us so many well-written articles and information I have no access to in any other medium I receive. Personally, I would be willing to subscribe at $10 per year to continue the quality I've become so attached to. . . .

Rochester, Minn. WALTER CAUSTIN

Still a Few?

● . . . May I suggest that perhaps there still exist a few corporations with enough morality to support the loyal opposition by including the *NR* in their advertising budget. They can't all be Republican—or can they?

Auburndale, Mass. JOHN F. WEATHERLY

Anti-Intellectualism In the Schools

● I hope it isn't too late to add a word to the fascinating colloquy in your letter columns (*NR*, March 9) over Professor Bestor's article on the schools.

While, unlike any of your other correspondents, I happen to feel that Mr. Bestor hit the matter right on the nose, I'm sure I couldn't add anything to his argument. What I should like to suggest is the revelation through the article and the letters of the fantastic gulf between his school of thought and that of his critics. This is not dialectic or even argument; it is like a debate between the Chicago *Tribune* and the *New Republic*. . . .

It indicates to me that the "educators" . . . have become so ensnarled in their own web of abstractions that argument is no longer possible. The gulf is caused, I believe, by an irrevocable alignment (often unadmitted) on one side or the other of this question: Is education supposed to perform certain social, political and psychological functions in a democracy, or is it the inculcation of learning (in the traditional sense) in individuals? The educators say it can be both. In my inexpert opinion, that is the fallacy. . . .

I have a little evidence, which derives from the shattering experience of once having been a judge of a high-school essay contest in a large New England city. Those boys and girls may have been "integrated" as all hell in society (which I doubt), but they certainly hadn't learned

(*Continued on page 4*)

Bandwagon

There's Safety in Nixon

Secret Service precautions [to safeguard Eisenhower] interested a woman with a British accent, who said she had seen an assassination in London. "There isn't the same incentive here," an American woman reassured her, "with somebody else ready to step right in."—*From the Washington* Post.

Off the Reservation

State Sen. Elbert Smith (R, Decatur), commenting on a suggestion of US Representative Velde (R, Ill), subsequently abandoned, that clergymen might be investigated for Communism:

"School people always have been considered fair game by legislators, but clergymen are an altogether different matter.—*From the Chicago* Sun-Times.

Infidel

Jerusalem—Life returned here yesterday to a man who had been officially pronounced dead for 10 hours. . . .

Khalil Krishan, 40, was handed to his family for burial. . . . While the body was being washed with hot water in accordance with Moslem religious tradition, one of the family poured cold water on the body by mistake.

Immediately Krishan opened his eyes, looked around and said, "Who is washing me with cold water?"—*From an AP dispatch.*

Seeing Is Believing

Today I went with Chesly Manly to the United Nations building and appreciated as never before the horrible conspiracy against the United States.—*Col. R. R. McCormick in the Washington* Times-Herald.

Righteous Indignation

At the moment the Lisbonese are protesting . . . a new government edict that . . . precludes youngsters between the ages of 13 and 18 from attending stage and cinema performances that have not previously been censored and adjudged fit for youthful eyes.

Most vexed was a 17½-year-old girl who was considered too young to see a current American movie, but old enough to be licensed as a prostitute.—*From the San Francisco* Chronicle.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – The Editors.

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New Republic

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EDITOR, Michael Straight
CHAIRMAN, Editorial Board: Bruce Bliven
PUBLISHER: Daniel Mebane
MANAGING EDITOR: Helen Fuller
LITERARY EDITOR: Robert Richman
REPORTERS: Jean Begeman, Tom Fitzsimmons, Arnold J. Heidenheimer (on leave with the Armed Services)
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Eric Bentley, Drama Critic; Malcolm Cowley; Robert Evett, Music Critic.
CONTRIBUTING CRITICS: W. H. Auden, Dudley Fitts, Kimon Friar, Gerald Johnson, V. O. Key, Max Lerner, Richard Lester, James R. Newman, Kathleen Raine, John Crowe Ransom, Herbert Read, Mark Schorer, James Johnson Sweeney, Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT: F. R. Ruskin
COPY ASSISTANT: Lucille Davis

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WASHINGTON WIRE

WE HOPE those who think McCarthy suffered a "defeat" in the Senate confirmation of Bohlen (74 to 13) are right, but to us they seem to be merely wishful thinkers. McCarthy has shown he is going to treat Dulles as he did Acheson; he has taken the first big step in destroying confidence in the Dulles-Eisenhower foreign policy and in making it captive. He is in a fine position now to cry "soft" and "betrayal" to any exploration with Moscow. McCarthy is no riddle, he is seeking power and his methods are the gangster's. By political accident his power search turns to foreign affairs. He is utilizing and polarizing the national sense of insecurity to represent himself as the only safe guardian against nameless treachery and formless distrust which he creates and utilizes.

The only way to meet this is frontally, but Eisenhower accepted this man's support and assistance in the campaign and did not specificially disassociate himself from McCarthy attacks on Adlai Stevenson and George Marshall. Now he still temporizes. The Administration hoped to cut out and isolate McCarthy in the Bohlen battle. If McCarthy had got only four to six votes it would have been evident this was accomplished. But he got 13 votes, which means he has tapped the substantial isolationist GOP group, while other Senators like Ferguson and Capehart obviously yearned to support him but refrained in deference to Ike.

This good has been accomplished: the one-party press is now scared of a GOP breach and beginning to open up on McCarthy. He was good stuff in the campaign against Stevenson but a bit different against Taft, Dulles and Ike. On the other hand, when a shrewd and experienced opportunist like Styles Bridges (R, N.H.), who is up for re-election next year, throws in his lot with McCarthy rather than Eisenhower it is a commentary on the low state of prestige he thinks Ike may have by mid-1954.

We have a mellow feeling toward Senator Bridges. Whom should we find quoted in the debate to prove that Ambassador Bohlen was an internationalist than T.R.B.! That global-minded fellow, it seems, had written that Bohlen's selection was "the kind of a bipartisan act we had hoped from him [Eisenhower] and the type of internationalism it will be a pleasure at all times to support." Well, we did have a feeling it was a nice little line as we tossed it off. Bridges cited lesser columnists, hoi polloi like "Childs, Fleeson, Pearson, the Alsop brothers and James Reston" but, bless you, he didn't quote them. It is going to be hard to overcome our mellow glow toward Styles, though we must admit we thought our quotation the best thing in his speech.

If we aren't to have world war III, America sooner or later must work out a formula with Moscow. McCarthyism makes such explorations peculiarly difficult. On the other hand, equal caution is needed in the other direction. Is Moscow being placatory now or merely baiting a trap? The Korean prisoner-exchange negotiations may help to decide. One thing is significant. The amount of defense appropriations a tax-hating Congress will approve hangs on a knife edge. A gesture by Moscow that lowered tension now could make an immediate difference of four to six billion dollars in military expenditures. The present situation is almost unique. The Congressmen who talk most bloodthirstily about Moscow are the ones who demand budget cuts. As a result the legislature is not spurning Communist advances, but rather is hunting out temptation. For better or worse our judgment is that if Moscow throws down the corn, Congress, after a preliminary flutter or two about "caution" and

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"trickery," will follow the trail into almost any coop.

"Roberts will be fired soon"—T.R.B. March 9. "Roberts Resigns"—N. Y. *Times* headline March 28. The case against GOP chairman Wes Roberts, who took a 10-percent commission on the sale to Kansas of a hospital, really broke on February 13. The next day Presidential Press Secretary Hagerty said the White House was satisfied with Roberts' explanation. He had joined the Hound's Tooth Club with Dicky Nixon. But we defy any impartial and objective journalist to read the evidence presented in February and early March without knowing Roberts had to go. The fascinating thing is how the one-party press which played up the Democratic "Five Percenters" last year ignored its own "Ten Percenter" this year.

Now begins the big off-shore oil fight—the Congressional battle to give away the natural resource that belongs to you and me. Opposition to the give-away bill presented by the Administration is slowly mounting, but it is hard to get the story out to the public. Advocates are so uncertain of their constitutionality that they have put safeguards in the measure, providing that if one provision is held illegal the others will nevertheless continue in force. It seems a shaky position. Meanwhile the lower house of the Rhode Island legislature has voted to instruct the state attorney general to fight the quitclaim law in court if it passes. It may turn out to be harder to despoil the public domain than was first thought.

Notes: The gagging of Senator Williams (R, Del.), who dug up Democratic tax scandals last year, is causing considerable criticism; seems he wants to do the same thing now for the Republicans but Chairman Millikin of the Finance Committee says no lone-wolf investigations. . . . Ike has made Edward Howrie, big business attorney and spokesman, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, which was created to police big business. . . . GOP Columnist David Lawrence: "The Bohlen episode was a political defeat for the Republican Party. . . ."

Washington T.R.B.

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 2*)

their lessons. Needless to say, they couldn't write the English language; worse in a way, we found only three fresh ideas in about 300 papers.

The educators, like anyone else, will be reluctant to give up a set of great ideas gradually accumulated over the years since Mr. Dewey first began to write. Not being an educator, it was easier for me to give them up. Every day I become more convinced that they are a great chimera—that education cannot perform a social mission and develop the one great essential, intellectual discipline and curiosity, at the same time.

Washington, D. C. E. L. DALE JR.

McCarthyism and the GOP

● Your "Joseph McCarthy Secretary of State" (*NR*, March 2) touches a festering sore on the Republican body politic. The GOP Administration faces the difficult problem of bridling the Frankenstein-McCarthy monster they helped to create. Little did they realize at its inception that it was but a faint shadow of its potentially ominous future being, that it was bound to set off a chain reaction of reckless witch-hunts, inquisitory practices and hysterical mass descent into the dark hinterland where fear, suspicion and distrust grow thick, heavy and harmful to the community, that it might some day turn on its master.

Philadelphia, Pa. MAX BISER

The Land Grab

● We are extremely interested and most gratified that the *New Republic* is running a series of articles about the forthcoming grab for the federal lands of the West. In 1946 and 1947, we were in the thick of the battle to prevent these same interests win their attempt to steal these lands, and it is fortunate that we were able to defeat them then. If the public knows the facts, and will themselves act, there is no question but that the land grab will again be beaten down. . . .

Washington, D. C. FRED M. PACKARD

"A Means of Meeting"

● B. N.'s letter (*NR*, March 16) "A Means of Meeting," could launch another mission to "make Democracy live."

My husband and I are long-time subscribers to *New Republic* which we feel is our best means of finding the other side of the news after we have read and listended to the one-party press. We also feel *New Republic* avoids negating emotionalism in its forthright journalism.

Our copies are passed on to those who can and will read non-fiction. To some of our friends we mail clipped articles because we doubt their immediate acceptance and consumption of so much non-fiction. We have other friends who know the *New Republic* but who discontinued buying the magazine because of disagreement with some article or policy. These people have welcomed copies from us but the subscription price is an honest and immediate cork to their enthusiasm.

Recently I have had a few items accepted by your *Bandwagon* and I am gleaning for more to accumulate subscription payments to *New Republic* for friends. This seems a fitting use for *Bandwagon* money. . . .

Hayward, Calif. MRS. STANLEY B. RIDER

The Walter-McCarran Law

● . . . When President Eisenhower took over the office made splendid by Jefferson, sincere friends and well-wishers of his Administration gave him no better advice than to act like Thomas Jefferson and not like Ulysses S. Grant.

The Walter-McCarran Immigration Law bears the hallmark of the Democratic Party, and yet the responsibility for it rests upon the Republicans in Congress. The chief adverse comment on Mr. Stevenson's campaign by his supporters was his failure to attack McCarran with the forthright determination with which he dealt with McCarthy. President Eisenhower can make himself heir to the best record of Mr. Truman's Administration, made in his veto of the bill, and also redeem his own party from the political stigma of its enactment.

The President may not nullify an act of Congress but he can mitigate its injustice to individuals and lead his party in its repeal. Specifically, Mr. Eisenhower can release from confinement those now in prison by reason of failure to obtain bonds or by the refusal of the government to accept them. He can direct the Attorney General to ignore the unusual powers granted him to use at his discretion, while provisions of the law are of uncertain constitutionality and await action by the Supreme Court. He can order the Department of Justice to ignore the list of so-called subversive organizations left by former Attorney General Clark and now cast into doubt by the Supreme Court. He can warn the department against bringing cases animated by personal malice or dependent on the testimony of paid informers. . . .

In short, by responding to a general feeling on the part of his countrymen and their allies he can prove himself, as we expect and hope, a leader of his people and of the whole free world, a President in the traditions of Jefferson and Wilson.

Chicago, Ill. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

Mac R. Johnson's communication from Korea on Governor Adlai Stevenson's visit there has been delayed in the mails. It will appear next week.

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New Republic

THE MENACE OF McCARTHYISM

AND so Charles E. Bohlen is now our Ambassador to Russia. The 74 to 13 vote of confirmation in the Senate wasn't even close—on the surface, that is. Actually, the Administration had to pull many a screaming and kicking Republican into line midst loud cries that a favorable vote was not to be construed as a condonation of what happened at Yalta and other wartime conferences attended by Mr. Bohlen. The latter, you see, had indiscreetly refused to swallow whole the Republican mythology that Yalta and Potsdam embodied the sale of the American birthright for a mess of Russian pottage. Hence the record had to be made very plain for home consumption that a vote to confirm Bohlen was not a repudiation of that mythology and all the campaign promises built thereon.

Thus it came to pass that the confirmation was hailed as a victory for Eisenhower over the Republicans, a victory aided and abetted by almost solid Democratic support. But the busy world will little note nor long remember what the loyal but reluctant Republicans said here. Never to be forgotten, however, are the shameful tactics employed by the McCarthy-McCarran axis in its opposition role. Those tactics assume importance far beyond the incident of the Bohlen nomination and pose a dire threat to the very integrity and orderliness of our processes of government. While the threat was temporarily beaten down by the avalanche of votes supporting the nomination, it remains alive and unharmed and unchallenged. It will arise again in all its ugliness as soon as the next appropriate opportunity presents itself.

Prominent among the guerrilla tactics of the McCarthy-McCarran alliance was the destruction of respect for those in high office who decline to believe only evil about a controversial individual whose loyalty or security status is in question. Thus Secretary of State Dulles' assurance to the Senate that Bohlen fully met all loyalty and security requirements was immediately challenged. Even when the President personally attested to Bohlen's character the cry was heard that the President had been duped.

And why? It seems that there is a security officer in the State Department subordinate to Mr. Dulles. This officer's name is McLeod, believed by McCarthy to be "a completely honest and competent young man" who "has been on the job for only two or three weeks and has already removed approximately 20 or 30 individuals" as bad security risks. And the newspapers report, said McCarthy, that McLeod differed with Dulles and refused to give security clearance to Bohlen. So Dulles, the superior officer, was obviously not to be believed; he had no record of discharging 20 persons in two weeks and, more importantly, he had refused to find Bohlen a security risk in the light of all the derogatory information. The conclusion followed that McLeod's preferable verdict could be challenged only by cross-examination of him by a Senate committee, or by giving Bohlen a lie-detector test, or by having Senators themselves examine the FBI files and draw their own conclusions.

To the eternal discredit of the Republican leadership, McCarthy was appeased by designating Senators Taft and Sparkman to make a pilgrimage to the State Department to examine the FBI summary of the Bohlen security file, the very same summary used by Dulles and McLeod. Another bad precedent of legislative penetration of executive files was thus set, a precedent to be added to McCarran's boastful experience of having obtained many an FBI file for his "Sunday reading" pleasure.

The fact that Taft and Sparkman fully confirmed Dulles' conclusion does not militate against the impropriety of challenging that conclusion on the basis of a reported disagreement by a subordinate. Responsible government necessarily implies a certain amount of respect for and faith in the statements of high officials. To challenge them on so slight a pretext as was here involved is to undermine the responsibility and dignity which attach to high public office. It was Senator Knowland who, upon McCarthy's challenge to Dulles' veracity on another factual matter, cried out in anguish: "If we have so destroyed confidence in men who have been selected to hold high places in the government of the United States, God help us; God help us if that is the basis upon which we have to operate."

Another major technique of the McCarthy-McCarran assault involved the further development and use of the "big lie" strategy—the spreading of dark and unnamed insinuations and the reliance on unsubstantiated and unmitigated rumor. Hand in hand with the clever impeachment of Dulles' verdict was the constant reflection cast upon the character and loyalty of Bohlen. Since

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Bohlen had no Communist connections or associations, it was essential to dredge up some of the choicer and more ludicrous morsels of gossip leaked from the "raw" FBI files. The fertile mind of Whittaker Chambers for once was of no help to McCarthy and whether Louis Budenz' agile memory was tapped is not known.

In any event, a sorry and familiar string of accusations flowed from the lips of McCarthy and McCarran and the rest. Bohlen was pictured as a close associate of Acheson, Hiss and Lattimore and as one "who helped abandon millions of people to the Soviet tyrants at Tehran, Yalta and Potsdam." And McCarthy was careful to note that Bohlen's brother-in-law had recently been separated from the foreign service for what McCarthy implied were security reasons.

A little more subtle were the implications that Bohlen was touched with immorality either directly or through the osmosis of association. This line of attack reached its own conclusion with the revelation that one of the FBI informants claimed that he had a peculiar sixth sense which permitted him to look at Mr. Bohlen and determine that he was a man who had "in the back of his mind such a tendency toward immorality as to make him unfit."

Yet here again the Republican leadership took no effective measures to condemn or answer such irresponsible charges. The utter helplessness of the Republican reaction was epitomized by Eisenhower's statement that in such a government as this we shall always have this kind of thing; people just have to take it and go along and do the best they can. But history demonstrates that effective government cannot long endure such unwarranted and inhuman snipings at public servants. When the weapons of fear and terror are trained on government personnel to crumble their resistance, their will and their courage to be independent, the inevitable consequence is a government of yes-men without souls and without humanity.

The Eisenhower attitude of frustration is a blind refusal to see the obvious and necessary evils of McCarthyism. To feel "saddened" by McCarthy's tactics is not enough. Nor is it adequate to condemn him in private, as the President reportedly does, while avoiding criticism of him in public if there is "a possible chance" that he is acting, or thinks he is acting, in the public service. If the President believes he can hold his fire until McCarthy disavows an intention to act in the public service, he is not likely to begin his assault in this world.

What the President fails to grasp is that McCarthyism is essentially a drive for power to the end that McCarthy or one of his ilk may enter the White House in 1956 or 1960. McCarthy is willing to use any means, fair or foul, to achieve that result. But in the process, honest respect for government service will likely be lost and the elemental principles of fairness for judging individuals will be forgotten. Representative government can soon degenerate into a caterwauling of hatred and venom, driving all decent elements from the public service.

Will Eisenhower meet this challenge? So far the answer is in the negative. There are those who predict that an eruption between the President and McCarthy is inevitable. If and when that does occur, perhaps he may then face up to the threat of McCarthyism. But there are two disturbing elements that make uncertain any hope that the danger will be successfully repulsed. One is the fact that the President seems determined to obtain whatever short-sighted political advantage there is to be had from the McCarthy way of operation. However much he may personally have disliked it, the President anointed McCarthy politically during the 1952 campaign and called for his re-election. The junior Senator from Wisconsin reciprocated by campaigning for the Republican national ticket throughout the land. McCarthy, in short, is a member of the Eisenhower "team" and members of the "team" are not to be curtly dismissed so long as they may recruit still more members. With an eye on such Senate seats as those occupied by liberal Senators Humphrey and Douglas, Eisenhower may well desire to appease McCarthy at least through the 1954 campaign in return for McCarthy's assistance in electing a larger Republican majority.

An even more significant factor militating against an effective Eisenhower stand against McCarthy is the sad fact that the Administration has absorbed and adopted many of the worst features of McCarthyism. A new security program is about to be invoked in the executive branches of the government which will permit wholesale firings on the vaguest of security grounds, permitting free rein for all the excesses which have marked the McCarthy techniques. Indications are that the expanded program will ignore the elements of justice and due process, while spreading terror among employees who have done nothing more than exercise their independence and their constitutional freedoms. Lies, rumors and half-truths will continue to do the work of proof. And informants will hide under the protective cloak of anonymity. The Administration thus stands in a poor moral position in attempting to curb the evils of McCarthyism. It necessarily swings from weakness rather than strength. That such a situation should exist is mute testimony to the extensiveness of the cancer of conformity which afflicts our body politics today.

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CHAIRMAN ROBERTS LEAVES THE CRUSADE

by Kenneth S. Davis

TO A NATION which has seemed in danger of losing its commitment to unlimited free speech on public questions, the resignation under fire of C. Wesley Roberts as Republican National Chairman, March 27, is a wholesome reminder that democracy can function only if popular opinion is fully and truthfully informed. Seldom has the importance of a free press been more abundantly demonstrated than in this sorry Kansas mess. If the Kansas City *Star* and the Kansas press in general had ignored the story, as most of the nation's press has tried to do (the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and the *Christian Science Monitor* being notable exceptions), there's not the slightest doubt that Mr. Roberts would still be comfortably ensconced in his $32,500-a-year job, exercising enormous patronage powers and imposing his peculiar notions of morality upon the Eisenhower "crusade."

Mr. Roberts's own recognition of this fact was revealed in his testimony, and in that of his close political friend Gov. Edward F. Arn, before the special Kansas legislative investigating committee whose report, March 27, gave Roberts no alternative to resignation. Desperately he tried to divert attention from what he'd done to the alleged motives of Alvin S. McCoy, of the Kansas City *Star*, for reporting it. Bitterly he charged that McCoy, and perhaps John McCormally of the Hutchinson *News-Herald* also, were out to "smear" him. Governor Arn went farther: He charged that McCoy "had known the facts" for eight months and had delayed their release until Roberts was named National Chairman; that he'd "distorted" his reports; and that he'd deliberately rewritten and cut Associated Press dispatches in order to remove all evidence in Roberts's favor, then published them in the *Star* with the AP credit line still on them. The diversionary tactics failed. All the charges were effectively denied by McCoy in testimony before the committee, whose final report made no mention of them whatever.

What McCoy and McCormally certainly did do was force from frequently reluctant officials the disclosures (a) that Wes Roberts had received an $11,000 fee from the Ancient Order of United Workmen, a fraternal insurance organization, for his services in connection with a sale to the state of a hospital building at Norton; (b) that this sale required an act of the legislature whereby $110,000 was appropriated for the purpose; (c) that there is serious doubt whether AOUW actually owned the building, which stood on the grounds of the state tuberculosis sanitarium, had been designed by the state architect, and had never been listed as personal property on the county tax rolls; (d) that the original understanding of many officials had been that the building would revert to the state whenever AOUW had no further use for it; (e) that the Kansas lobbying law defines a lobbyist as "any person" retained by "any organization . . . having any interest" in a legislative measure "who shall attempt at any time to influence in any manner the act or vote of any member of the legislature," and requires such lobbyists to register under penalty of fines and jail terms; (f) that the law further prohibits the acceptance of fees that are contingent upon the passage of the desired legislation; (g) and that Wes Roberts had not registered and there was strong suspicion that $10,000 of his $11,000 payment was a "contingency fee."

These disclosures, made in the midst of a bitter factional fight within the Kansas Republican party between Lt. Gov. Fred Hall and the Arn group, were sufficient to force a legislative investigation—and the local press was aroused to report the goings-on in such detail and under headlines so big that the whitewash earnestly desired by the Roberts-Carlson-Arn crowd became impossible. After an abortive attempt by administration forces to have the committee appointed by party caucus, a committee of seven Republicans and two Democrats was selected and began hearings on March 10. By the time these hearings were closed 65 witnesses had been questioned, 64 exhibits received into evidence, and 1850 pages of testimony transcribed—all of this in such a blaze of publicity that every attempt to confuse the issue failed.

The hearings added little information to that already published concerning the AOUW deal. Details were filled in, surmises corroborated, and motives clarified. But the investigation *did* enlarge popular knowledge of Roberts' enterprise. He was forced to disclose that the AOUW fee was not the only one he'd received during the 1951 legislative session. He'd also received $3,750 from Cities Service for his services as a "public-relations man" who supplied the company with "information" on bills.

Thus was opened a line of inquiry which, if followed, might answer questions that have long bothered Kansas' political journalists. During the 1951 legislative session, Roberts shared a room in Topeka's Jayhawk Hotel with Walter Fees, an oil man who is chairman of the state Board of Regents (governing body of the state

Kenneth S. Davis, a native of Kansas, has written three novels and a biography of Dwight D. Eisenhower entitled Soldier of Democracy.

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colleges) and who was believed to have an interest, in behalf of Cities Service, in a law which would give the right of eminent domain to gas companies who wished to use abandoned wells for underground storage. The law, which was passed, seems to do no damage to the general welfare, but Kansans have wondered if Roberts had any part in obtaining its passage. They now wonder if the $3,750 fee had any bearing on the matter.

Still another line was opened up on March 20, when the committee was trying to wind up the hearings in order to prepare the report it was scheduled to make March 25 (as it was, the report was delayed two days). State Sen. I. E. Nickell, Smith Center osteopath, appeared before the committee that day to testify that he had sat in on "10 or 12" meetings with Roberts and Walter Fees (who, like Roberts, is a former State Republican chairman) to arrange medical-osteopath compromise bills in 1951, though Nickell "did not know" that either the doctors or the osteopaths had paid Roberts a fee. Three days later the committee held a two-and-one-half hour secret session with Clarence E. Munns, a former medical society lobbyist who, when asked by reporters if he'd paid any money to Roberts, replied: "I will not make any direct comment until the committee has finished its deliberation. I may be called back."

The committee, however, had no time to go further into either the Cities Service or medical-osteopath matter in its unanimous report whose conclusion, more than justified by the data which the report summarized, was that C. Wesley Roberts and Edgar C. Bennett, who as head of AOUW had employed him, had "deliberately and intentionally" frustrated the protection the lobbying act was designed to give the people of Kansas and had "violated the spirit" if not the actual "letter" of the law. The committee recommended that the "letter" be revised to define lobbying as "an attempt to influence, in any manner, the act or vote of any member of the legislature, *directly or indirectly.*" The committee made no attempt to decide who actually owned the hospital building, nor whether criminal prosecution was indicated. It did say that "lack of time has prevented complete investigation of several matters which have been brought to our attention, which we believe require further inquiry."

"Your committee will continue investigation of matters at hand until final adjournment *sine die* of this session," the report continued, "when records will be filed with the Secretary of State, and report of any matters deserving further attention will be directed to the Attorney General and the Governor."

The report also censured every state official who'd had anything to do with the hospital transaction, including Attorney General Harold Fatzer whose office had approved it without inquiry into just what, if anything, AOUW was selling to the state.

Fatzer's role, in which he has served as a barometer of social pressures, has been of special interest to knowledgeable Kansans. Obviously reluctant to conduct an investigation of his own when the newspaper disclosures were first made, his zeal in quest of the "facts" grew steadily as the blazing light of publicity continued to frustrate every adroit dodge which Roberts tried to make. It was Fatzer whose questioning forced Roberts to disclose the $3,750 Cities Service fee and later forced Governor Arn to admit that he'd "suggested" Roberts to Cities Service, at the company's request, as a man "who could render a service to them in keeping track of legislation." Fatzer then asked Arn if it weren't possible to arrange for a legislative reporting service for $40, to which the Governor replied that he didn't believe such a service would be "very satisfactory." Obviously Fatzer was leaving the sinking Arn-Roberts ship, a fact further underlined when, after having been himself grilled by the committee concerning his office's sorry role in the affair, he walked from the witness stand to the Shawnee County district court and filed an action to recover from the Ancient Order of United Workmen the $110,000 which the state had paid.

For these services Fatzer will no doubt be rewarded in heaven; he may even be rewarded by Kansas voters in 1954 (though undoubtedly the great gainer from the mess has been Lieutenant Governor Hall). But meanwhile Fatzer is having his troubles with the Arn-dominated House Ways and Means Committee, which failed to include his office appropriations in the general appropriations bill introduced March 25. We Kansans hope that our aroused press will keep us thoroughly informed of all attempts to frustrate further needed inquiries, and there are indications that it will. Certainly many thousands of angry Kansans are now convinced that only a little more investigation is required to strip all the veils of respectability from as smugly self-righteous a set of rascals as ever corrupted a state administration.

As it is, thanks to an almost unprecedented exercise of its freedom by our local free press, Wes Roberts' career as a big-shot politician appears permanently ended. The prestige and power of Sen. Frank Carlson is considerably reduced. The federal judgeship which was supposed to be waiting for Governor Arn seems unlikely, to say the least. And presumably President Eisenhower may now be somewhat less naïve in his choice of fellow crusaders and in his acceptance of advice from men of interested motives.

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THE WEEK

TIDELANDS "COMPROMISE"

The Senate Interior Committee has finally reported out the off-shore oil bill, a so-called "compromise" that would give Texas, California and Louisiana title to submerged lands out to their "historic" boundaries but would leave the rest of the continental shelf under federal control. The measure is an attempt to satisfy the divergent views of President Eisenhower and two members of his Cabinet.

Secretary of the Interior McKay believes the states should be given the coastal lands to the limits of the line marked by the historical boundaries of each state; Attorney General Brownell feels strongly that the federal government should retain title to off-shore lands but the states should have the right to develop the resources.

These two opinions at odds with each other are also at odds with President Eisenhower's campaign promise that, if elected, he would approve a bill, such as the ones vetoed by President Truman, that "recognizes the traditional concept of state ownership of these submerged lands."

The Senate measure, scheduled for debate next week, was reported out of Committee by a vote of 11 to 4, with three Democratic Senators—Henry Jackson (Wash.), James E. Murray (Mont.) and Clinton Anderson (N. Mex.)—and one Republican, Sen. George Malone (R, Nev.), opposing the bill. Because the measure is patterned after the "quit-claim" bills twice vetoed by President Truman, a band of at least nine Senators may filibuster the measure in an effort to call public attention to the serious consequence of handing the multi-billion dollar submerged lands to three states.

Senators Anderson and Lister Hill will offer the oil-for-education bill as a substitute for the committee measure. One argument they can use is a story which appeared in the Houston (Tex.) *Post* recently reporting a survey by 18 Texas geologists who estimate that the gas, oil and sulphur resources *off the shores of Texas alone* are worth an estimated $80 billion.

ADMINISTRATIVE STRANGLE

Albert M. Cole, a veteran opponent of public housing during his four years in Congress, has taken his first official step to cut public housing as head of the Housing and Home Finance Agency. On March 23 he testified before the House Appropriations Committee urging that the 75,000 low-rent public-housing starts this year recommended by President Truman be reduced to 35,000.

Cole had assumed office exactly 12 days before testifying. At that time, according to an HHFA release, " . . . he felt that, until he was prepared to make considered recommendations supported by facts, his objective would be to adminster the existing programs as set up by Congress." He stated that he was unprepared to recommend or endorse any major changes in policies or programs now administered by HHFA.

While a member of Congress Cole had voted against public housing five times and voted against rent control 18 out of 20 times. These are two programs which HHFA administers.

In his testimony before the House committee Cole stated that the decision to cut public-housing starts was made by the White House, pending a re-examination of the government's entire housing program and that he concurred in this decision.

"In my opinion," said Cole, "the fair and consistent thing to do is to continue the program at that level until we have completed our review and are prepared to make further recommendations to the Congress."

This initial step would seemingly bear out the words of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:* "If the President had conducted a search for the appointee most likely to kill the 1949 Housing Act by administrative strangulation, he could hardly have come up with a better choice."

THE PERIL OF COMPROMISE

The lasting consequences of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles' first surrender to Joseph McCarthy are now apparent. The original, frantic, State Department directive ordering, at McCarthy's insistence, the Voice of America and US libraries overseas never to use material by "Communist authors" and "et ceteras" has been replaced. A new order forbids the appearance in US overseas libraries of "works of Communist authors" and of "any periodical which continually publishes Communist propaganda."

The necessary blacklist, says State, has not yet been written; but it will be soon. The potential danger of such a list depends largely upon the role McCarthy plays in its writing.

McCarthy has a list of those books which are now available in our libraries abroad and he has already begun bidding for the power of approval by trying to make that list look as red-tinted as possible. What the projected blacklist might become under McCarthy's hand is indicated by the following:

He has repeatedly labeled the Washington *Post*, which supported Eisenhower, "the Washington edition of the *Daily Worker*." He has accused *Time* magazine of following the "party line" for criticizing him. He has referred to such anti-Communist authors as Bernard De Voto, Archibald MacLeish and Arthur Schlesinger Jr. as "leftist" writers far to the left of "that red-tinted crowd in Washington."

Aside from the particular danger of McCarthy, the general fallacy behind a blacklist as conceived at present was summed up by Sen. J. William Fulbright (D, Ark), a member of a Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee which, under the chairmanship of Sen. Bourke B. Hickenlooper (R, Iowa), is investigating the entire US information program quietly and effectively with an eye to really improving it. A book, he said in effect, should be judged by its contents, not by its author.

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THE DOCTORS' "FREEDOM PROGRAM"

by Jean Begeman

THE ELECTION of a Republican Administration has not deterred the Association of American Physicians and Surgeons from launching a new campaign to stop the threat of "Socialism," to "regain lost freedoms" and to "perpetuate all of the traditional freedoms to the benefit of the American people." The AAPS, which for 10 years has worked separately from the AMA but toward some of the same goals, recently appealed for new $10 memberships to to carry out its "three-pronged" attack against Socialism:

1. To educate high-school students, through an Annual Essay Contest, away from "socialized" medicine.

2. To furnish medical students with factual information on the socio-economic aspects of medical practice "to preserve the future of private quality medical care."

3. To enlighten all physicians by furnishing the 2,000 county medical societies with the best material "to wage the fight for freedom through their patients."

Headed by Dr. Denton Kerr of Houston, Tex., the AAPS now has 16 officers and directors and 107 delegates from the 48 states. Unlike the AMA, which spends most of its time and money to "educate" Congress, the AAPS concentrates on directing the "impressionable young minds of our children."

Each year, since 1947, the AAPS has sponsored a national Essay Contest on the standard subject: "Why the Private Practice of Medicine Furnishes This Country with the Finest Medical Care," with prizes of $1,000, $500, $100 and $25. The effectiveness of the contest, according to AAPS, has been proved by the results of public-opinion polls taken by Purdue University. The first poll of high-school students, taken in 1944, disclosed that 77 percent of the students favored the "government providing medical services for all" (*i.e.*, "socialized medicine," says AAPS). In 1948 the same question was asked and 80 percent of the students "favored socialized medicine." But in 1950, after only three years of indoctrination-by-essay contests, the percentage dropped to 55 percent.

"Despite this remarkable headway," the AAPS says, "it is a ghastly and shocking situation to have more than half [55 percent] of our high-school students favoring socialized medicine. The Purdue Opinion Poll asked other questions and it is terrifying to find our youngsters favoring Socialism for other segments of the nation's economy. All efforts to enlighten the adult citizenry will have been in vain if we lose the minds of our young students to Socialism."

The essay contest, says AAPS, deserves the support not only of doctors but of every business and profession for "if medical care falls to the Socialists, historically, other segments of the economy are more easily captured." In addition, the organization furnishes free-packaged libraries to the essay participants (a unique method of conducting a contest) containing "material which espouses the great advantages of the capitalistic free enterprise system."

Freedom Program Number 2 is aimed at some 40,000 medical students, internes and residents. The AAPS proposes to send them free copies of the organization's monthly *News Letter* and other Freedom literature, "carefully chosen pamphlets which depict the unsurpassed assets of this nation's glorious free enterprise system . . . to counteract the dishonest preachings of Socialism." Practicing physicians are the target for Freedom Program Number 3. Says AAPS:

> The very nature of the medical profession places the physician in a most strategic position to disseminate the inspiring gospel of Freedom. . . . The physician administers to the medical care needs of a complete cross-section of people—the families of labor, industry, farming and other professions, all of whom must have a thorough understanding of at least the basic concepts of Freedom if a free America is to exist.

To this group, the AAPS sends its free literature through the county medical societies.

To indoctrinate the youth of America and to urge doctors to become political propagandists seem to be the aims of the AAPS, accomplished in the name of "Freedom" to halt all programs which the AAPS feels are "Socialistic." The threat of Socialism, according to Dr. Amos R. Koontz, chairman of the AAPS Committee for Maryland, is embodied in all legislation dealing with federal aid to hospitals and voluntary plans, medical and nursing education, Veterans Administration medical programs, and the United Nations.

Every member of AAPS pledges that he will not cooperate with any scheme of "federal medicine." According to the *Texas State Journal of Medicine*, "when 75 percent of American doctors have so pledged themselves," the AAPS will be able to "resist the socializers."

"Unfortunately," says Dr. Koontz, "there are Socialists in both principal political parties. The issue of Freedom versus Socialism transcends partisan politics. Only the ultimate vigilance by physicians and their patients can preserve our traditional liberties."

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ANOTHER BIG BUSINESS "CRUSADE"

WESTERN EUROPE'S equivalents of the big businessmen on General Eisenhower's first team are also staging a strong come-back. Some are already in high office. Others are operating from the shadow of the counting houses where European political power continues to be made and directed.

Of the first, René Mayer is an example. The head of the French Government is a Rothschild by family connections. For many years he has been known as the *chef intellectuel* or brains of the House of Rothschild, a great dynasty of banking, industry and business which remains among the world's most powerful.

An example of the second category is Hugo Stinnes Jr., a key figure among the Ruhr magnates of the North Rhine-Westphalia industrial complex, who is the largest single contributor of funds to the Free German Party. And this party belongs to the coalition government of Chancellor Konrad Adenaur, General Eisenhower's favorite European statesman. There is also the case of Alfred Krupp. Nor should Hjalmar Schacht be forgotten.

A revolt in the French National Assembly forced Premier Mayer to drop André Boutemy from his Cabinet. But apart from this leading spokesman for French big business as a whole, whose notorious Vichy past made him too vulnerable for public office, there are plenty of others with great and growing influence: for example, Poulenc, chemicals; de Wendel and Schneider, steel; Michelin, rubber; Boussac, textiles; Prouvost, wool; Dassault, aviation; Lemaigne-Dubreuil, soap; Beghuin, sugar; de Fels, foodstuffs; Gillet, silk.

And whether inside or outside of governments in continental Western Europe, there are neither laws nor traditions that make big businessmen put public before private service, let alone sell their stock.

The Krupp case suggests why such men are staging their come-back. By agreement between Krupp and the Allied High Commission in West Germany the former war criminal is to keep vast holdings of the family, but dispose of some $90 million worth of steel and coal industries, and also agree in writing to stay out of this business. But the German Government won't underwrite the agreement. Moreover, it has a loophole through which Krupp can retain ownership: he can maintain that the prices offered at the "forced" sales are "unreasonable."

The final factor, and the most revealing, according to the Manchester *Guardian*, is the switch in US policy which the advent of the Eisenhower regime makes more apparent. "The days of the trust-busters are already over. The future American Embassy in Germany . . . will have little sympathy with measures . . . to restrict . . . a notorious family."

Stinnes is the leading financial backer of Dr. Ernst Achenbach, up-and-coming contender for control of the Free Democratic Party. A lawyer, Achenbach served as Political Counselor to Abetz at the Nazi Embassy to Occupied Paris. The records of the Nuremberg trial show that he distinguished himself for deporting Jews and shanghaiing Frenchmen into forced labor. He conducted the defense of Dr. Werner Naumann, Goebbel's State Secretary in the Propaganda Ministry, against the British accusations of neo-Nazism; and several dozen other formerly prominent Nazis are in his entourage. Yet he is chairman of the Free Democratic Party's Foreign Policy Committee. The London *Observer* says that he is Stinnes' political as well as legal adviser, and "The solid backbone of his faction are some 40 to 50 party officials in North Rhine-Westphalia linked by their Nazi past."

It was Robert Schuman of the MRP who, with the equally Catholic Alcide de Gasperi of Italy and Konrad Adenauer of Germany, drew up the first plans for European unity. The US people favor some form of such a project. But the present problem of European union is complicated by the fact that the advent to power of Eisenhower's big businessmen has stimulated the empire-building ambitions of a Right very different from that of the three moderate Catholic statesmen of the old school. Georges Bidault, also of the MRP, is the French Foreign Minister, but his personal ambitiousness and opportunism make him as far removed from Schuman as Mayer, the brains of the House of Rothschild (and the son of the secretary-general of the *Société Espagnole de Dynamite*) is from the modestly earnest Antoine Pinay, a small provincial manufacturer.

The problem arises even more from the fact that though the European equivalents of the US big businessmen have much in common with them as such, they are in political orientations a world and a century apart from them. Whatever glory there may be for European big businessmen still rests in playing the political game to win power for the few. The splendor still is profit for the few. The masses are still the enemy, quite apart from any Marxist theory of class war.

The trouble with a blanket endorsement of Adenauer is that Krupp, Schacht and Stinnes are already there in the shadow behind him. They don't want a new Führer; they want *this* time to *rule*, and not to *be* ruled by a roused rabble. The trouble with a Mayer is that, brainy as he may be, he speaks even now for a few dozen, or score, or even hundreds of families; and not for millions of human beings. Assuming that neither Adenauer nor Mayer dreams of EDC as anything other than a prescription for peace and progress, it remains for the US big businessmen to understand that their colleagues behind the two heads of government are very definitely not back in business for the sake of ideals or even profits. They want power—the glory and the splendor of the "good old days." And how can the armies they make, built on a freedom that is second or third class by US social and practical standards, be first-class armies of liberation?

Paris FRANK GORRELL

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GOVERNMENT FOR SALE

by Gus Tyler

ON JANUARY 30, a Federal District Court ruled that lobbyists need not register under the provisions of the Federal Regulation of Lobbying Act of 1946. The court held that the Act is unconstitutional, an abridgement of the First Amendment.

The 1946 Act is a mild attempt to regulate lobbying by simply insisting that lobbyists register in Washington. By holding such legislation unconstitutional, the District Court—should its opinion be upheld—is destroying the possibility of any future or more vigorous control of lobbying activities. It is impossible, for instance, to place limitations on the amounts that may be properly spent or the ways in which pressure is applied, if—to begin with—the lobbyist is not registered. Uncontrolled lobbying is another of the means whereby the impartial scales of government are weighed down one-sidedly in favor of wealth.

Control of our government involves two contests: one before the election and one after the election. The pre-election contest is to choose our public officials; the post-election contest is to influence the policy of the same officials. The apparatus for the former is huge, complicated and costly; the apparatus for the latter is, so far as we can estimate, even more costly.

Commonly, it is charged that there are as many lobbyists in Washington as there are Congressmen. This is untrue. Lobbyists outnumber Congressmen by about three or four to one. In the 80th Congress, there were some 1,500 registered lobbyists; there are only 531 Senators and Representatives combined. In addition, there are at least two major categories of "lobbyists" who do not register as such: organizations and lobbyists who admit that they lobby but who do not register because lobbying is not their *principal* work; and those who, despite herculean efforts to influence legislation, flatly deny they are lobbyists.

The National Association of Manufacturers, sometimes credited with writing the Taft-Hartley Act, does not feel it must report all its efforts to influence public and Congressional opinion. Until the legislation is "actually pending," expenditures to stir up public or Congressional opinion for the legislation just isn't "lobbying," says the NAM.

To this army of thousands who make lobbying their Washington hobby must be added the even larger hordes that swarm down on the state capitals and the municipalities of America. And to this must be added the latest, and in some ways the most effective and insidious legislative-influencing operation: the multi-million dollar "educational" committee. These committees present themselves as public-spirited organs financed by tax-deductible contributions. Although some students of government believe that these "educational committees" pack a harder and longer wallop than the old-type lobbyist ever did or could, they need not register under the Lobbying Act.

To purchase a piece of government these days is expensive. In a three-and-a-half-year period (1946 to 1949), reported expenditures for lobbying in Washington, D. C., ran to more than $75 million. A House Committee on Lobbying adds, however, that the "$75 million . . . does not begin to reflect all that is actually collected and spent in efforts to influence legislation. Many groups submit only fragmentary reports. . . ." To get some notion of the total amount spent to influence legislation as it relates to the reported and disclosed sum, consider the following:

Two hundred corporations were asked to enumerate their total expenses to influence legislation directly and indirectly. The time ran from January 1, 1947, to May 30, 1950. The total expenditure was $32,124,835.38. Of these corporations, only 37 had filed reports for the same period—reports totaling $776,446.07. In other words, actual expenditures were about 40 times as great as reported expenditures: for every revealed dollar there were $40 spent.

Because the effectiveness of a lobbyist is somewhat uncertain, a current practice is to place the Washington representative on a contingency basis—to set the rate of his pay in proportion to his effectiveness. Thus, the deal set forth in a letter to Samuel P. Haines, representing the "20-percent Tax Committee," from Otto K. Eitel of Chicago's Bismarck Hotel provides for "a retainer of $10,000 plus $15,000 for expenses," with added proviso for $25,000 more in expenses once the matter is pending legislation; with still another proviso for $35,000 more if the cabaret tax goes down to 10 percent and for $50,000 more if the tax goes down to five percent.

The sliding scale of payment is also partial protection against the shyster-lobbyist whose chief practice is mulcting his clients. This breed of leech covertly persuades legislators to introduce bills of a costly or punitive nature, aimed at some group in the community—the very group

Gus Tyler is Political Director of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union.

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that is supposedly protected by the lobbyist. After the bill is introduced, the lobbyist informs his clients that he can get the bill lost in committee or somewhere for a reasonable sum, which sum theoretically goes toward the campaign of some worthy legislator. This make-work project keeps everybody happy: the lobbyist proves his worth; the threatened persons see the bill killed; the legislator is so much richer.

The established practitioners, however, do try to "deliver." Among the slicker devices is the friendly visit from a real-estate lobbyist to a freshman Congressman, offering to help him find suitable housing in Washington, D. C. The tie of understanding is drawn tight around the parcel containing a decent dwelling at a reasonable rental. Then, there is the offer of a lecture tour to follow the introduction of a bill. The speaking engagements—expenses *cum honoraria*—are solely intended to educate the American people on the newly introduced bill, of course. Then, there is the generous help a lobbyist offers a hopeful young legislator who has neither the imagination nor the ability to conceive or write a bill—research, drafting, speech-making and press-releasing services. All that the office-holder has to do is to introduce the bill, recite the speech, and remain still while the cameraman takes a picture.

These methods are aimed directly at the legislator. More subtle and more penetrating in its impact is the broad educational operation which is aimed indirectly at him.

The Committee for Constitutional Government put it more directly: "The place to persuade Congressmen is back home." In line with this logic, the Committee inundated the American people in a seven-year period with the following:

> Eighty-two million pieces of literature—booklets, pamphlets, reprints of editorials and articles, specially addressed letters and 760,000 books.
>
> More than 10,000 transcriptions, carrying 15-minute radio talks on national issues, besides frequent national hook-ups for representatives of the committee.
>
> Three hundred and fifty thousand telegrams to citizens to arouse them to action on great issues.
>
> Many thousands of releases to daily and weekly newspapers—full-page advertisements in 536 different newspapers with a combined circulation of nearly 20 million.

Despite this avalanche of effort to influence legislation, the Committee for Constitutional Government protests: "Throughout its 17 years, the Committee has not spent one dollar for lobbying."

This insistence is more than an idle protestation of civic virtue. It is the solid basis for its refusal to register and to disclose its financial sources or full expenditures. Through subsidiary organizations, the CCG gets huge donations that are tax deductible. Thus Lammot Du Pont sent telegrams soliciting contributions to America's Future, Inc., a tax-exempt adjunct of the Committee for Constitutional Government, in which he reminded: "Treasury ruled gifts deductible." Other organizations, constructed essentially along the lines of the CCG, do not even find it necessary to set up subsidiaries to enjoy tax-exempt status. This was pointed out clearly in a letter by Merwin K. Hart of the National Economic Council to Lammot Du Pont:

> We have had legal opinion to the effect that purchase by anybody of subscriptions to council publications to be sent to educational and religious corporations is a gift that is deductible before taxes. Furthermore, as such a gift, it may be for any amount not limited by the $3,000 gift tax.

Since the main business of groups like the CCG is the distribution of literature, these bulk subscriptions cover the bulk of these committees' costs. To the remaining problem in their operation—the cost of distributing literature—the CCG has an ingenious solution. A member of Congress inserts into the *Congressional Record* as argument an editorial or even a full length tract, generally submitted to him by the CCG. This speech is then reprinted by the Government Printing Office at very low rates. The Congressman pays for this out of funds furnished him by the CCG. "The matter is mailed in bulk, sometimes already stuffed and sealed in franked envelopes, to the Committee for Constitutional Government in New York where it is stored. At the moment deemed most timely and convenient for the Committee, the individual envelopes are addressed and mailed *postage-free* under the Congressional frank," the House Lobby Investigating Committee said in its report.

Ultimate payment for this free mailing, of course, comes out of the taxpayer's pocket.

To buy a piece of government, then, becomes the privilege of those with enough money to buy in a market where the commodity known as legislation is an expensive item. "So far as reported expenditures for lobbying are concerned," the House Committee found, "organized business far outspends other interests. This fact, however understandable, points to a situation which tends to undermine the props on which American thinking about lobbying has traditionally rested. We believe lobbying to be every man's right. But some men are able to make their rights more meaningful than others. In practical terms, this has meant that those interests with the most to spend for protection have proclaimed 'lobbying for all men' as an almost sacred article of faith. It is not unlike the elephant shouting, 'everybody for himself,' as he stomps up and down among the chickens."

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WILL PUBLIC POWER "FADE AWAY"?

III. SEASON FOR PLUNDER

by Michael W. Straus

IN ONE AREA, those captious critics who would embarrass the Administration prematurely with charges that campaign commitments are not fulfilled have no cause for complaint. Whatever may have been the obligation incurred when power companies rallied their voting and financial support to the Great Crusade to halt creeping, crawling or galloping Socialism in last autumn's acrid debate, it has not been forgotten or betrayed in this spring's balmy atmosphere.

Although the power lobby is so extremely modest that no credit is claimed, the business of nullifying and reversing a major national, public-power policy has got off to a flying start. Already four specific low-cost, public-power projects have fallen, as forecast, like feathers out of the Truman budget, to the restrained rejoicing of four corporate apostles of Reddy Kilowatt in four Western states, and the open season has just started.

It was all done so quickly and quietly in the hidden Budget Bureau and departmental sanctums that there were no corpses left lying around. But in the closets some skeletons can be found. It was the ratified and considered program of the government to proceed with this particular quartet of projects one day. The next day they were so *sperlos versankt* that a moment of mourning and contemplation is due the beleaved. That moment can be spent rattling the bones a bit.

Closet No. 1 reveals the remains of the American Falls Dam power program. It was to have been added to a dam so named on the Snake River in Idaho and included turbines, generators, transformers and transmission lines to spark a power-hungry area, including whirling pumps to irrigate public lands for veteran settlement. It had been authorized and re-authorized by previous Congresses, so the Truman budget embraced a request—not reiterated by the new Administration—for $853,000 for the first year's work. The abandonment is clearly outside the customary economy justification, for this project would have made money, but it had some still more fascinating features. The dam was all built, the penstocks installed, and the reservoir filled years ago, awaiting only the bolting on of the turbines to make it a true multiple-purpose dam. The Idaho Power Company thinks very poorly of these turbines. It may have always thought poorly of such public power, but back on June 15, 1923, it assuaged its grief by pocketing $1 million paid by the government for some asserted water rights to make possible the government generation. That now will be forthcoming, so Idaho Power is re-presented with the water it sold and was paid for plus becoming in its downstream plants, the hydroelectric beneficiary of the storage and control of the government dam.

These Idaho operators really deserve special recognition with some unique Oscar as extraordinary contributors to the Great Crusade. Over in the Kansas amateur league there is a loud "hassle" just because some politician sold to the state for $110,000 a hospital Kansas could have got free. But in the American Falls big league the Idaho Power Corporation sold a piece of the public's Snake River back to Uncle Sam for $1 million. Then Uncle provided the power company several million dollars worth of river control and storage dam gratis. And now, by killing the federal power development, the power company gets to use the vital water it sold for one million pre-inflation dollars 30 years ago.

Closet No. 2 reveals the remains of a little plan for a $60,000 substation transformer to permit the government to serve itself directly with its own kilowatts at Camp Stoneman, California. That camp is a unit in the Oakland-San Francisco Bay Army port of embarkation. A government Central Valley transmission line runs virtually overhead, but to tap that line a step-down transformer is needed. James B. Black, the persuasive president of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, told Congress he would act as middleman, at a price, to sell the government's own kilowatts back to the government's Army under a "wheeling contract," but added that certainly, as far as the budget was concerned, that transformer should go out.

That obstinate, extravagant Truman thought the government might help itself to its own kilowatts, and the substation was in his farewell budget. Black apparently was right and the President wrong because the item is now out. Our soldiers can continue to embark from Stoneman on their great crusade to Korea safely uncontaminated by any socialistic kilowatts which have not been properly disinfected by a ride, at a price, over PG&E facilities. Here, again, is a pure policy payoff unadulterated by any "economy." The Army, like the woman,

Michael W. Straus served throughout the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations as assistant to Harold L. Ickes and most recently as US Commissioner of Reclamation.

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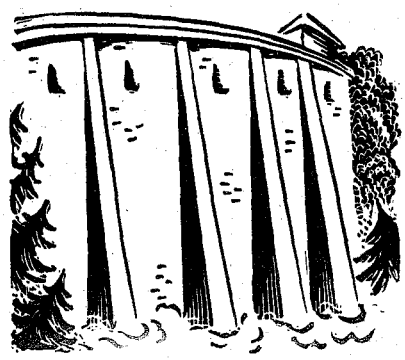
will pay, and pay, and pay, the power bills anyway. In fact, if Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson, who is spending sleepless nights struggling to save a nickel, will put some of his keen new minds on this they may find out how to save the government $8,300 per year on Camp Stoneman kilowatts.

Closet No. 3 discloses the crumbling vertebra of a section of what was to have been a backbone transmission line over which some Big Thompson project federal kilowatts could have gone to market after water tumbling over 2,000 feet down the eastern face of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado ground them out. This 26 miles of 115 KW transmission would have cost some $400,000 from Flatiron Station to Valmont. Even the Northern Colorado Public Service Company thinks a line there is needed, but it has not built one. To insure its being built, it was popped into the Truman budget. It has popped out now. So when—and if—those cheap kilowatts go to market, they will have no alternative but to ride the power company line—at a price—when and if it is built.



Closet No. 4 bares the remains of a scalping party and the Billings-Yellowtail transmission line over Crow Indian tribal lands where the Montana Power Company and its big blood brother, Anaconda Copper, keep public power in order and off the reservation. It must be recognized that the Billings-Yellowtail line is a hidden triple threat.

If this transmission line is built, some kilowatts from Billings that reached Yellowtail might climb aboard another line and run south toward Lovell to relieve Wyoming power shortages. But worse than that, the line might also carry construction kilowatts to Yellowtail to speed the building of the long authorized, but unappropriated for, big power and irrigation dam at Yellowtail. On completion, low-cost new Yellowtail kilowatts—the creeping, crawling or galloping socialistic variety—could turn right around on the same line and flow right into the Montana Power Company's costly monopoly area around Billings and collide with the superior, sounder, hotter, business-managed, taxpaying, even if more expensive, corporation kilowatts. That kind of danger couldn't be squelched too fast. It has been. The $715,000 in the Truman budget has fallen right out of the Republican Administration's requests, and the crisis is passed.

These four little items in this foursome of closets will not complete the roll call of casualties by the time the 83rd Congress adjourns. These four vanished before they even saw combat in Congress. But there will be more such cases, and it will be hard for even the closest observers to tell which little shell the project was under when it vanished.

But there is one to keep an eye on—the biggest of them all, and it will not fit under any shell. That's Hell's Canyon, designed as the tallest dam in the world for the deepest gash on the continent, where the Snake River carves a canyon through the mountains to divide Idaho from Oregon. The Democratic Administration recommended to Congress, as it passed from office, authorization of a multiple-purpose dam to plug this greatest remaining damsite in our nation and produce vast quantities of cheap power. The Idaho Power Company said that was silly. In fact, the power lobby spent hundreds of thousands of dollars of rate-payers' money for advertisements in the slicks, pulp and dailies, declaring Hell's Canyon Dam an effort to "socialize America." The new Administration was ponderously proclaiming at the same time that it was purely "an engineering problem." But on one thing everybody agrees: nobody but the government can fully develop the potentials of the site, and there is no competition.

The Big Deal is going slow on this heritage from the Fair Deal. At the moment Hell's Canyon is getting a quiet "booby-trapping" in the Budget Bureau, the executive departments, the Federal Power Commission, which is due for some new "right-thinking" appointments, and the Congress. In the Senate, Wayne Morse, Independent, has swung all sections of his party behind the project. In the House, the mere presence of Rep. Gracie Pfost is living proof that a lot of Idaho Power Company customers want the government to build the dam. Mrs. Pfost, a Democrat, won a previously Republican seat on an out-and-out campaign for the dam. She and Morse have many allies in Congress, and eventually Hell's Canyon will be built as a simple matter of national necessity. But just now the new Administration does not hear when asked how it stands on the proposal because it stands absolutely nowhere on this, the biggest single item in the whole power fight.

But on the hard record only one conclusion is justified—to date the Big Deal has paid off on power.

[*This is the third in the* NR*'s series on the attempt by private interests to confiscate the nation's natural resources for the benefit of the few.*]

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LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

THE PHILOSOPHER'S FAREWELL

by Herbert Read

SANTAYANA'S three-volumed autobiography may well prove to be his most enduring book. It is the key to his philosophy, and the summation of it. The writing, which had got out-of-hand in his last impersonal work (*Dominations and Powers*) here becomes precise again; the tone is confident. "Never have I enjoyed youth so thoroughly as I have in my old age. . . . Nothing is inherently and invincibly young except spirit." In his last years he had found the seclusion of a convent, and solitude in the midst of a warring world. In Rome, in the eternal city, he had felt nearer to his own past, and to the whole past and future of the world; he had at last gained "precisely the balance and wisdom that comes from long perspective and broad foundations." Old age, "having less intensity at the centre, has more clearness at the circumference," and "recognition and honour flow out to all things, from the mind that conceives them justly and without egotism."

MY HOST THE WORLD, by George Santayana (Scribners; $3).

Santayana, like his beloved Spinoza, was primarily a moralist. Some of his works, such as *The Life of Reason,* are apparently systematic in their structure; but morality, as he said in the first volume of this autobiography, is something natural—"it arises and varies, not only psychologically but prescriptively and justly, with the nature of the creature whose morality it is." In an age of increasing authoritarianism in all realms of thought, Santayana remained a libertarian and a relativist. He has not founded any school, nor had any significant following, because experience and philosophy had taught him "that perfect integrity is an ideal never fully realized, that nature is fluid and inwardly chaotic in the last resort, even in the most heroic soul." But our modern disciples are hot for certainties; they ask for dogmas, and all Santayana had to offer them was "a settled distrust of merely intellectual accomplishment, militant in the void." He preferred "common virtues and current beliefs, even if intellectually prejudiced and simple, when the great generative order of nature has bred them, and lent them its weight and honesty."

He was not an idealist, but a rationalist, seeking measure in everything. He found himself living in a world of unreason—to him it seemed that "the contemporary world has turned its back on the attempt and even on the desire to live reasonably." The great wars he lived through were "adventures in enthusiastic unreason." The League of Nations and now United Nations had been so irrationally conceived that they had reduced victory to a stalemate. But only two conditions are required for living rationally: "First, self-knowledge, the Socratic key to wisdom; and second, sufficient knowledge of the world to perceive what alternatives are open to you and which of them are favourable to your true interests." The modern world shows "a positively insane abandonment of its true interests."

But this volume is not a jeremiad. It is serene, with a serenity that comes from that perfect love which "is founded on despair." It is a love which, in its physical aspects, renounces pursuit and the hope of possession; and which in its social aspects accepts the natural man, and has no itch to reform him.

This volume of Santayana's autobiography is largely a record of imperfect friendships—of friendships that were never perfected, or that declined with the years. There are two portraits exquisite in their detail and cruel in their verisimilitude—a full-length one of the second Earl Russell (the elder brother of Bertrand Russell), and a miniature of Howard Sturgis in his impoverished twilight. In the painting of these portraits Santayana admits his heartlessness; for though reason may never be malignant, it may sometimes be cynical. Sturgis accused Santayana of being abominably selfish, and Santayana confesses that he is "profoundly selfish in the sense that I resist human contagion, except provisionally, on the surface, and in matters indifferent to me." It was a reserve that led to misunderstanding. In one or two cases where my own knowledge of people has coincided with Santayana's, the picture seems distorted by prejudice (I am thinking in particular of Lowes Dickinson). Lord Acton, a historian whose work gains in significance with the passage of time, is "the vision, I might almost say the smell, of a mind stocked like an old trunk with remnants of faded finery and knick-knacks," and merely moved Santayana to "sadness not unmixed with aversion."

To have the whole world as your host is not very cosy. Santayana was a restless, an uprooted spirit. One would not willingly surrender his work in English, but his philosophy might have had more impact on the world if it had been faithful to his Spanish ethos. What defect of character or of disposition deprived him of such normal affections as a country and a family? The answer does not present itself clearly in these volumes. But the spirit he cultivated in loneliness and independence was a brave one, and he saw more clearly than most of his contemporaries that "the tragic causes of conflict and ruin in civilizations are fundamentally internal to each society." He realized that our own particular crisis had been working in the body-politic for ages—"ever since the Reformation, not to say since the age of the Greek Sophists and of Socrates. For the virulent cause of this long fever is subjectivism, egotism, conceit of mind." But he counseled calmness, resignation. "The fanaticism of all parties must be allowed to burn down to ashes, like a fire out of control. If it survives,

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it will be only because it will have humanised itself, reduced its dogmas to harmless metaphors, and sunk down a tap-root, to feed it, into the dark damp depths of mother earth." Meanwhile "the failure of over-exact hopes and overwhelming ambitions will not prevent spirit from continually turning the passing virtues and sorrows of nature into glimpses of eternal truth."

WITH A SENSE OF GLORY

by Robert Richman

TO THE CORE of his literary criticism, Coleridge brought philosophy; and to the center of his art criticism, Ruskin also brought philosophy. The effect of each action was, for the first time in either criticism, to establish it on principles and I mean this in contrast to the mere basing it on rules. As such, theirs was a criticism of explanation. In general, Herbert Read has practiced this criticism of explanation and has kept philosophy at the center of his art criticism as well as of his literary criticism. But in addition, and this is his major contribution, he has brought psychology to the center alongside the philosophical core and has made, from an integration of the two, what one might call a criticism of exploration.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MODERN ART, by Herbert Read (Horizon; $4.50).

The new volume of essays—actually these are his Collected Essays of Art Criticism—demonstrates most masterfully Mr. Read's use of this double purposed criticism. In speaking of the philosophy of modern art, he does not present a systematic philosophy (one must turn to Santayana, Croce, Whitehead or Maritain for such in this age); he means rather an activity, a method of inquiry, and a set of beliefs, all of which can be used in his business of criticism. "There is no phase of art," he writes, "from the paleolithic cave paintings to the latest developments of constructivism, that does not seem to be an illustration of the biological and teleological significance on the aesthetic activity in man." Such a belief is essential for any critic who would be spokesman for the modern epoch in art with its divers trends and multiple revolutions; and Mr. Read's excellence in the use and practice of criticism, set down in one of the finest prose styles of this century, has established him as the leading critic of modern art now writing in the English language.

This is the evidence not of his Collected Essays alone, but of his several books on art in general and modern art specifically—*Art Now*, *The Meaning of Art*, *The Grass Roots of Art*, *Art and Society*, *Art and Industry* and *Education Through Art*. In each of these, and in none more than in this newest volume, there is a cogent and eloquent use of the principles of value-judgment.

> I believe that among the agents or instruments of human evolution, art is supremely important. . . . The aesthetic faculty has been the means of man's first acquiring, and then refining, consciousness. Form, the progressive organization of elements otherwise chaotic, is given in perception. It is present in all skills—skill is the instinct for Form revealed in action. . . . The realization of formal values is the aesthetic activity. Aesthetic activity is biological in its nature and functions; and human evolution . . . is differentiated from animal . . . by this faculty.

The theory of art can associate unembarrassedly with the theory of physics, say, or with the theory of biology; and as such Mr. Read's theory has been drawn from Plato, Whitehead, Bergson and Santayana; from Freud, Jung and the Gestalt psychologists—among others.

"The modern work of art," he continues, "is a symbol. The symbol by its nature is only intelligible to the initiated (though it may still appeal to the uninitiated, so long as they allow it to enter their unconscious)." That is to say that whereas an image is usually a *representation* of reality, the symbol is an *interpretation* of reality; or for the Constructivists the symbol might even be a *creation* of reality. In this sense, reality is not the "constant reality" in Plato's Ideal; it is that reality which is continually being created anew (the latest cosmology). This creates a crucial resistance to modern art, for:

> The people can only understand the image and even this they distrust . . . for even their vision is conventional. It does not seem that the contradiction which exists between the aristocratic function of art and the democratic structure of modern society can ever be resolved. But both may wear the cloak of humanism, the one for shelter, the other for display. The sensitive artist knows that a bitter wind is blowing.

To acknowledge this contradiction is better than to ignore it or to try to legislate it away. In a manner all too rare in art criticism, Mr. Read uses his philosophical and psychological criticism to explore and to explain these complex trends and puzzling purposes of the individual artists and their works. Of course Mr. Read stands vulnerable to the erroneous or superficial—though often levelled—charge that his method and beliefs are but a double-headed ecclecticism. But he, almost alone, does explore the trends of the modern epoch in art for what they *are*; he does explain the art of Cezanne for what it *is*, or the art of Gabo, or Matisse, or Braque, or Henry Moore, or Klee for what each *is*. In his essays on the epoch and on these individual artists, Mr. Read does not construct a desideratum of what each artist's art *should be* or *ought to be*, as lesser and partisan critics are prone to do. Mere ecclecticism—no; it is rather to Herbert Read's great credit that for this epoch of art he is neither *restrictive* nor *prescriptive* with his criticism.

And how necessary just such a conviction is for this critic who sails in one of the advance ships of the explorers in the stream of modern art, and who as well stands *ab extra* and, from the shore, explains the movements of modern art—both the voyagers, the ships and the river as it moves by us to the sea. From the nineteenth century came the Impressionists, the Symbolists, and the Expressionists and of these, Symbolism (Gauguin and Bernard) became dormant and Expressionism flowered (Van Gogh, Kokoschka, Rouault). And out of Impressionism came Cezanne, who created the new "Realism." But it was this Realism (Matisse) which, as though

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by fision, burst into the many parts: on the one hand it became Cubism (Picasso and Braque) which became Analytical Cubism (Braque and Juan Gris) out of which grew Constructivism (Mondrian, Gabo and Nicholson). It is these three that are most usually called "Abstract Art." Yet there were many rump revolutions too: Surrealism, Futurism, Neo-Plasticism, and, one might add, Picassoism. And of course there are Klee and Henry Moore, both of whom are instinctual and conceptual free agents who were born from one or the other of these mothers in Realism. But the full impact of these trends is best understood when one sees that there has been along with these revolutionary changes in art, a corresponding shift in systematic thought from an analysis of appearances to one of basic structures.

The artists in the modern epoch, faced as they were with the crisis of degradation in art and the decline of sensibility (at the rise of Industrialism), had two choices: either the artist "retraced the historical development of his art and resumed contact with the authentic tradition" or he "resolved the crisis by a leap forward into a new and original sensibility." In both its simplest terms and in its most complex sense, the artist "revolts against the existing conventions in order to create a new convention more in accordance with a contemporary consciousness." And in so doing "he merely recovers, in all its actuality, the original basic quality of art —aesthetic sensibility in all its purity and vitality."

Now that the epoch is a half-century old, we tend to forget that Mr. Read, when he wrote many of these essays, was exploring the then unknown and the then unfamiliar. And that he has made the unknown of this epoch of art known to his contemporaries, and that he has, in his fine essays on each of them, made the art of Cezanne, Gauguin, Picasso, Klee, Moore and Gabo more familiar—all this is to have served us with the highest criticism. *The Philosophy of Modern Art* is the finest definition of the modern epoch, the best estimation of major artists, and the happiest elucidation of the role of art in our situation in history.

THE WORLD OF SINCLAIR LEWIS

by Mark Schorer

SINCLAIR LEWIS' first and last novels neither of them among his happiest efforts and enclosing within their ragged brackets twenty other novels most of which are better, are curiously alike; indeed, toward the end of the first novel we find the phrase, echoed from Kipling, that supplies the title of the last, in which Kipling is acknowledged: "the world so wide." Both novels take as their theme that theme traditionally favored by our novelists, of the American innocent abroad, and while the two heroes are in some ways very different (one a nearly illiterate clerk, the other a successful architect), they are in some more basic ways than these, alike, and therefore the pattern of their experience is almost identical. There is something compulsive in this theme for Sinclair Lewis as for our other noveltists, and the pattern, which is resolved by a vindication of our innocence, is no doubt now, as it was a hundred years ago, a portion of our folklore.

THE MAN FROM MAIN STREET; *A Sinclair Lewis Reader*, edited by Harry Maule and Melville Cane (Random House; $3.75). OUR MR. WRENN, by Sinclair Lewis, introduction by Harrison Smith (Crowell; $3). WORLD SO WIDE, by Sinclair Lewis (Random House; $3).

In each case, an accident frees the hero from the routines that give structure to his life, and he eagerly seeks the long-desired European experience. Each, without the embracing clichés of "the job," finds himself freed only to his own lonely emptiness. " . . . he was desolatingly free to wander in a world too bleakly, too intimidatingly wide". . . . "In Newlife [Colorado] . . . I was as lonely as I am here [Firenze]—only busier there." So for the later hero. The earlier, more desperately, "had no friend in all the hostile world" of London. However, each encounters a girl who seems at home in this hostile world, an American sophisticate, the first a bohemian painter, the second a scholar of the Renaissance; these women, familiar with Europe, are also half-corrupted by it, easily seduced by the false values that they associte with it. After a period in which the innocence of these heroes has been exposed to the dubious experience of these heroines, each hero turns to a sounder heroine, the undiluted American Miss with no intellectual or artistic nonsense about her. These fresher ladies are, again, basically alike, in spite of the superficial differences between the incredibly modest, hard-working girl of 1914 (employed by "Wanamacy"), and the incredibly brash career woman of 1950 who has a heart of modest gold under the layers of professional lacquer, a seeing eye under the mascara.

These novels are vastly imperfect, but it would be a mistake to call them simple. Each contains unresolved complexities that are not so peculiar to Lewis as they are to the American imagination itself. Europe is as fascinating to these heroes as it must be proved to be false. The yearning for a deeper experience than America offers is as strong in them as the loneliness that overcomes them when they are freed to that experience which they are then unable, in their wholesome naiveté, to utilize. There is in these novels an undercurrent of fear, fear of Europe itself: in *World So Wide,* Sam Dodsworth lectures the young hero at some length on the importance of not staying abroad too long lest he succumb to Europe; and in both novels Lewis, like Henry James, has his Osmonds and his Madame Merles, those Americans who have yielded up their native inheritance only to be vitiated by an alien tradition that they cannot make their own. Yet, curiously, it is the "Europeanized" women—silly Istra Nash of *Our Mr. Wrenn* and cool Dr. Olivia Lomond of *World So Wide*—the women whom the heroes must reject, who, nevertheless, communicate such higher values, intellectual and spiritual, as are implied by the total situation in each novel. The result is that when Mr. Wrenn turns to his simple American, Nelly Croubel, Lewis must necessarily write a satire on the limits of suburbia;

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and when Hayden Chart, in the last novel, turns to Roxanna Eldritch, Lewis must force his plot into sentimental melodrama to bring about the turn at all. These endings are hardly what one could call clear vindications of American values. We are left with the large, staring question: what *was* America to Sinclair Lewis?

It is perhaps too early to expect a complete answer to this question, but the happy publication of *The Man From Main Street* goes far in providing one. As the first and last novels, with the stretch of nearly forty years between them, reveal what is apparently a central concern over all those years, an imaginative coherence compelled by the primary importance of a single question; so this new book, a collection of nonfiction writing executed over an even longer period, almost fifty years, provides a bright and vigorous documentation to that central concern, shows it to us in all its modulations and varieties.

While writing novels, more often in the periods between writing novels, Sinclair Lewis wrote a vast amount of nonfiction. Most of this material was published in periodicals of all kinds except the seriously literary, and most it would be difficult to find today except by an intimate of Lewis', or an enthusiastic bibliographer. The editors of the present volume form a perfect combination: Melville H. Cane, poet, old friend, and executor of the Lewis Estate; Harry E. Maule, old friend and Lewis' editor; Philip Allan Friedman, graduate student in Columbia University who is interested in the Lewis bibliography.

From the whole spread of possible materials, Mr. Cane and Mr. Maule have selected what appears to be an admirable and representative sampling; Mr. Maule has provided useful as well as sympathetic biographical headnotes to the several sections and to the individual pieces within each section; Mr. Friedman has assisted in bibliographical research; other authorities, like Joseph Henry Jackson of the San Francisco *Chronicle,* were invited to participate when special bio-bibliographical information seemed to be necessary. Altogether, in its care and thoughtfulness, the book is really a unique tribute to a distinguished contemporary name.

And what, these selections continuously make us ask ourselves, what *was* America to Sinclair Lewis? It was, in the first place, as the novels tell us, too, an entity vast and formless that must be scolded into sense. Assuming this stance, Lewis needs the European reference, as the characters in his novels need it; and thus we have the famous Nobel Prize Address, delivered of course in Stockholm, called "The American Fear of Literature," and the almost equally famous letter to a purely native institution, declining the Pulitzer Prize on the ground that no institutionalized body could, without danger to the republic of letters, arrogate to itself the assumption of good judgment that such a reward implies. The Nobel speech is an impassioned diatribe against gentility in American literature (but made long after the victory was already won, as Lewis' own public reputation in 1930 demonstrates) and a plea for "a literature worthy of her vastness." The letter to the Pulitzer Committee is a rejection of any official body that might threaten to restrict such a literature.

This is the heart of the matter. What Lewis loved so passionately about America was its potentiality for and constant expression of a wide, casually human freedom, the individual life lived in honest and perhaps eccentric effort (all the better), the social life lived in a spirit that first of all tolerates variety. And what he hated about America, what made him scold it, sometimes so shrilly, was everything that militated against such a free life: social timidity, economic system, intellectual rigidity, theological dogma, legal repression, class convention. These two, the individual impulse to freedom and the social impulse to restrict it, provide the bases of his plots. "If I seem to have criticized prairie villages, I have certainly criticized them no more than New York, or Paris, or the great universities." The point perhaps, is that in his novels it was easier for him to dramatize the repressions than it was to dramatically affirm the freedoms, and therefore, even in such a character as Carol Kennicott of *Main Street,* there is a considerable ambiguity, as there is in the endings of the novels I have here discussed. The conflict is not so much between America and Europe as between the true America as Lewis saw it—that is, Americans true to themselves, and the false America, or Americans who submit to values not their own, not free. The result in the novels is often an apparent praise of provincialism, but the praise, in its impulse, is of something much larger.

In the non-fiction here collected, a more positive view emerges, and in the best pieces, where the invective grows hottest, the active bias of Lewis' satirical imagination becomes quite clear. The piece called "Cheap and Contented Labor," a diatribe against the brutalities of life in the company town of Marion, North Carolina, has exactly the same motive as "Fools, Liars, and Mr. DeVoto," a diatribe against a restrictively nationalistic critical dogma. Lewis' literary judgments, like his social judgments, rest on the same large assumption about the potentialities of American life. The judgments are not always sure, and the ironic tone often shifts to a sneer, but at his best, as in his self-judgments, the nobility of his motives carries directly over into his prose.

In page after page of this book, we read an expository prose of the most remarkable authority, a prose that, in the syntax alone, reminds us that we are reading the product of an educated mind for which the dialect, the cracker barrel, and the whiskers were only a counterpose to the stuffed shirt. The high anger with others finds its balance in Lewis' persistent humility toward himself and his own reputation, in the poise of his self-criticism, in his capacity for doing a thing superbly and then throwing it away. This humility is without self-consciousness, as we are reminded many times in this book by the easy way in which he incorporates the famous symbols of his own life and work—Main Street, Sauk Centre, Zenith, Babbitt, Minnesota, Hobohemia—into his discussion of the life and work of others. His own best qualities as a writer are shown in high relief in many of these pieces: the swift talent for classification and characterization of surfaces ("the traditional pedagogues—the long-faced and

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dry and disapproving, the bushy and hearty, or the dapper and cynical," and "women in business—developing narrow white tearooms into millionaire candy companies"); the capacity to summon up, as from an endless reservoir, a brilliant, flashing parade of solid detail, no single item ever lingered over, (as in that remarkable piece, "Is America A Paradise for Women?"); the true sense of craft that lies behind his highly judicious and lucidly intelligent contrast of the novel *Dodsworth* and its dramatized version.

There were grave defects in this imagination. Lewis himself reminds us, again and again, of his primary sentimentality. There are lapses in taste as in judgment. There is a deep pit of naiveté about human nature. There is that curious gift for seeming always a little old-fashioned that comes with the determination to be only bright and new. These are defects not unfamiliar in Americans in general. But above all there is another quality that we have almost forgotten to look for in him: there is a high and dedicated sense of justice that also has much to do with the making of Americans.

CHAUVINISTS OF ELEMENTARY GOOD STUFF

by Arthur Mizener

WHEN *The Little Review* folded in 1929, Ford Madox Ford said of it:

> In a world where nothing good is sure of a place anywhere—certain, dead sure!—you supplied a certain, dead sure place for really good, unusual writing. And almost more valuable was the moral support that your mere existence in the world afforded us.

This is, I think, a good indication of what *The Little Review* meant.

The way in which it meant it depended largely on Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap and, for a while, Ezra Pound, for it was, as perhaps all genuine magazines are, a personal affair. Margaret Anderson describes her ideal objective as exaltation, and when you remember James' distinction between Mrs. Newsome's exaltation and Maria Gostrey's courage, you are convinced that exaltation is exactly the right word for Miss Anderson. It carried her through battles with printers, with the law, with all kinds of stupidity and with, above all, money, which would have stopped anyone less exalted, anyone unready to live in a tent on the waterfront and wash her one blouse every night in Lake Michigan in order that the magazine might keep going. Dedicated, disorganized, and—judging from her photographs—stunning, she seems to be summed up almost completely by Pound's remark in a letter to Marianne Moore: "One can trust M.C.A. to die on the bayonets, but not to bring up the water and hard tack."

THE LITTLE REVIEW ANTHOLOGY, edited by Margaret Anderson (Hermitage Press; $3.95).

Jane Heap is more puzzling. There is little clear evidence in this anthology of her editorial influence on the magazine, but there emerges from what she wrote for it a shrewd and remarkably sharp intelligence. "Lord Alfred Douglas has sued George Moore for blasphemy," she would write. "The Queensberrys were born to be fools: whenever art appears in England they become Wilde-eyed." Or: "All I can say to people insisting on the great audience idea is to try this 'to-have-great-poets-we-must-have-great-audiences' test on other forms of creation,—physical creation, for instance." But she could say, quite truly:

> I hate controversy. It is a social vice. . . . It is never a matter of impatience to me when people fail to use their brains; but I am sometimes puzzled when they give no signs of instincts or emotions. I should never be angry or surprised at an automobile if it refused to go if the gasoline tank were found to be empty, but I would be slightly dashed if the gasoline, properly ignited, gave no action.

When *Ulysses* was running in *The Little Review* she gave her attention to understanding and appreciating it and succeeded in defending it as successfully as anyone except Pound when it was attacked by people like Burton Rascoe (who was very busy making a genius out of Cabell). "The critics here," she said, "are like country doctors who carry on their entire business with proprietary or patent medicines." She appears to have been a remarkable woman.

In these ways both women were dedicated to the single purpose of publishing good work. It is easy to see now their weaknesses of judgment—the generous but uncritical uproars over people like Tagore, the mistaken enthusiasms for discoveries like Else Baroness Von Freytag-Loringhoven. Isolation breeds a jingoism of the unwanted and it is very difficult for little magazines to avoid overvaluing discoveries of this sort; they are mistakes of generosity and a willingness to take risks. If it is easy to see them now, we ought to remember that it was not easy then; it never is easy to see them at the time. It takes a kind of genius to be regularly right at first reading, and of the editors of that time perhaps only Pound had such genius.

Meanwhile the ladies did choose good work and, with the help of Pound, sometimes great work. They printed William Carlos Williams' inarticulate but impressive sketches ("Bill Wms.," Pound wrote privately to Margaret Anderson, "is *the* most bloody inarticulate animal that ever gargled"). They printed very good stories by Anderson and Hemingway and poems like Yeats' "Wild Swans at Coole" and Eliot's "Hippopotamus" and prose like Ford's wonderful reminiscences of W. H. Hudson, and, above all, *Ulysses*. In addition to these good or even great things, they published much thoroughly interesting and intelligent stuff like Wyndham Lewis' "Cantleman's Spring-Mate" (which brought the law down on them) and Eliot's short story, "Eeldrop and Appleplex."

Even a partial list like this one makes immediately clear the importance of "our foreign editor," Pound. The grounds of Pound's success as an editor are clear in the editorials he wrote for the magazine. The familiar, the apparently inescapable Pound is of course present in them, fantastically bad-mannered and irascible ("I have never," he once re-

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marked, "known anyone worth a damn who wasn't irascible"). His characteristic editorial vein is eloquent Menckenian invective: "*Poetry* has shown an unflagging courtesy to a lot of old fools and foggies whom I should have told to go to hell *tout pleinement* and *bonnement.*" It is impossible to doubt that he would have. Like Mencken's invective, Pound's always leaves you wondering how much it really rises from his honest feelings about the question in hand and how much it is cultivated for its own sake, as a kind of art and self-indulgence. There was, anyway, none of this cultivated extravagance of prejudice about Pound's actual judgments of literary works, and by the time you have finished reading what he has to say about particular works as they came along for editorial judgment, you almost feel like saying that, like Auden's old masters, about ability he was never wrong.

At the end of his first year with the magazine he summed up what he had done ("we" with Pound was always nominal):

> We have published some of Mr. Yeats' best poems . . . we have begun publishing Hueffer and Joyce. . . . We have published the small bulk of Mr. Eliot's poetry that has been written during the current year.

Thirty-five years later, with all the advantages of time, I doubt if anyone could improve on this selection of what was most important in the magazine or would want to disagree with Pound's estimate of the importance of these works to literature as a whole. The same clear grasp of the value of what was being done in his time comes out again and again in the casual judgments Pound makes in the course of his editorial debates with all comers.

> I see no reason for concealing my belief [surely an unnecessary qualification for Pound] that the two novels, by Joyce and Lewis, and Mr. Eliot's poems are . . . the most important contributions to English literature of the past three years. . . . What is good in [*The Spoon River Anthology*] is good in common with like things in the Greek anthology, Villon and Crabbe. . . . [But] the work as a whole needs rewriting.

These illustrations could be multiplied; their effect is to leave you feeling that Pound was, in spite of irascibility, a very great practical critic. In the end *The Little Review* was not just a good influence and an inspiration but an important force in a revolutionary period of English literature because he was.

This is not to belittle the admirable qualities of the ladies. They were, to a woman, dedicated to the sole purpose of publishing good work. This is a rare and admirable purpose at any time, for as Ford said:

> Think of our immense cosmogonies, ninety millions of you parading under Old Glory and two hundred and fifty millions of us under the banner of Empire—and all these three to four hundred millions incapable of putting up the few hundred dollars a year that are needed to form a place for the printing and publishing of merely elementary good stuff.

The Little Review belonged to an age when elementary good stuff was being rejected by all the polite magazines; it had the right idea at the right time and it did its job. What commercial publishers abandoned, these defended, and saved the sum of things for love.

THE WORLD OF CHILDHOOD

by Irving Howe

TOWARD THE END of his life, the great Yiddish writer Sholom Aleichem began to work on a children's book. It was never completed, death intervened; but the manuscript that remained, forming a kind of children's picaresque of loosely connected episodes, quickly became one of his most admired works. Mottel is a little scamp who rejoices in the accumulation of trouble ("Hurrah! I'm an orphan!") and after some lively adventures in trying to scrape together a living with his big brother in the old country, wanders across Europe and finally settles in New York. Together with Menachem Mendel the *luftmensch* who personifies the quixotic, speculative principle in Jewish life and Tevye the Dairyman who speaks with the authentic folk voice, Mottel was one of Sholom Aleichem's three major characters. Celebrating his friendship with a neighbor's calf and stealing apples from the gardens of the rich (O, how Sholom Aleichem disliked the rich!), Mottel symbolized the tragically abbreviated childhood of the ghetto, where life did not flow evenly from one phase of experience to another but childhood, adolescence and manhood were all compressed into one.

ADVENTURES OF MOTTEL, by Sholom Aleichem (Schuman; $4).

Though its best parts have appeared before in English, the story of Mottel is now translated entire for the first time. The whole book is not so impressive as a selection of six or seven pieces might be: Sholom Aleichem was an uneven writer who could not always evaluate his work. The translation of Mrs. Tamara Kahana, one of his granddaughters, is often rather good: fluid, lively, charming. My only complaint would be that she tries to translate Yiddish idioms literally. A pungent Yiddish phrase like *Schwartzer Soff* becomes "black finish," which must be meaningless to readers who lack Yiddish and irritating, because it merely points up the distance from the original, to readers who have Yiddish. The most likely policy would be either to omit the Yiddish idiom as untranslatable or to hunt for rough English equivalents.

Translating from the Yiddish is, of course, immensely difficult, particularly in the case of Sholom Aleichem, whose prose is simply a mesh of idiom. The Mottel stories are rich with Yiddish diminutives, which creature a kind of miniature world in language, while in English, alas, there are no diminutives. More important, it seems generally true that the closer a writer is to his native audience, the more difficult it is to present him in an alien language; a writer like Sholom Aleichem, who is a genuine "culture hero" in Jewish life, does not need to explicate, he can wink, shrug, imply in ways his readers immediately grasp.

Still, even in the paleness of English, Mottel is a marvelous little boy, full of

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play ("Upon one leg, I hop outside, and—naturally, straight to our neighbor's calf") and of that quiet sorrow which seems to come not from his conscious self but from his folk inheritance ("That's an old story: a mother's got to cry. What I'd like to know is whether all mothers cry all the time, like mine.") By far the best part of the book is set in the east-European village where Mottel, after the death of his father the Cantor, becomes a little businessman, selling the cider and ink his over-imaginative brother manufactures ("Jews, here's a drink:/Cider from heaven/If you order just one,/You'll ask for eleven.")

From Sholom Aleichem's children's stories there stems a whole tradition of Yiddish literature. The completely carefree story about the adventurous boy that is so favored in English, is virtually absent from Yiddish, if only because that kind of boy was virtually absent from ghetto life. In the Yiddish story, the child almost always carries a social burden heavier than we in America are accustomed to believe appropriate for children; the *Bar Mitzvah* ceremony, by which a Jewish boy is supposed to enter manhood at thirteen, has become a rather nauseating affair in America, but was taken with great seriousness in the ghetto. (In his autobiography Sholom Aleichem writes: ". . . this is not meant for you, Jewish children! Yellow sunflowers, sweet-smelling grass, fresh air, fragrant earth, the clear sun—forgive me, these are not meant for you. . . . ") It is this note of deprivation—a deprivation that has its roots in both religious fanaticism and the pervasive poverty of ghetto life—that dominates Yiddish children's stories. Too young, far too young these children become *kleine menschelach,* little men. In Abraham Reisen's tender sketches they are pale little scholars who do not glimpse the sun; in Salman Schneour's stories they are mischief-makers suppressed by a rigid code.

Yet they seem to bear these burdens, at least in the literature, with spirit and even joy. For in Yiddish literature the family is shown as still a cohesive unit; fathers may be strict, mothers tearful, brothers annoying, but love breaks through and under the barriers of ritual. If there are few carefree children in Yiddish literature, there are few unloved and brutalized children. A story like *The Turn of the Screw* would have been extremely puzzling to Sholom Aleichem's readers: how can a father leave his children in the hands of strangers? Graham Greene's stories of unhappy childhood, Mary McCarthy's grisly sketches of early suffering, all of the many writings we have in English about children exploited and hated—I doubt that there are equivalents in Yiddish. There children have it hard, but never from coldness.

Perhaps all that I have been trying to say is that in the world of Sholom Aleichem there is still some remnant of community. And because of this, he is able to approach his material through an astonishing variety of tones. Yiddish fiction is not nearly so well-made as American, nor so deeply inquisitive into character, nor so tautly dramatic. But a writer like Sholom Aleichem can shift from one key to another in the boldest manner, simply because he knows his world so intimately and thoroughly. Most of *Mottel* is off-hand and mischievous in tone, but when he needs to, Sholom Aleichem suddenly drops to the most harrowing sadness, all in a quick paragraph that sums up the irony at the base of his work. I am thinking of a passage in which Mottel and his family, together with other immigrants, are aboard ship for America: all is fun, pranks, jokes and then suddenly, like a shaft into the heart, there comes a brief lyrical description of a Yom Kippur service in the hold of the ship. It was, says Mottel, "a Yom Kippur that neither God nor man would ever forget."

How pleasant it would be to think that a few readers might give Sholom Aleichem to their teen-age children, to learn that men have lived by something other than station wagons, television and comic books. And who knows: perhaps even something better.

THE POWER OF A MIND

by Robert Fitzgerald

THIS IS A COLLECTION of essays written by the great Thomist over the past twelve years and here grouped under two headings, "Human Knowledge and Metaphysics" and "Faith and the Human Community." These subjects form a progression by which the reader can make the circuit of Maritain's thought, and the book may serve in fact as a brief summary—masterly in grasp and expression—of what one may think of as "Maritainism," though it would be a pity to introduce one more such term into general use. The philosopher would, I think, consider the book as in some respects introductory; he speaks of his hesitation over including Chapter XII, a discussion further developed in his book, *Man and the State*; and Chapter II, "On Artistic Judgment," is clearly only a sketch for his profound treatise on aesthetics just published—*Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry.*

THE RANGE OF REASON, by Jacques Maritain (Scribners; $3.50).

It is difficult to suggest the quality of Maritain's work to anyone unacquainted with it. But I should suggest, as the principal virtues of his thought, energy and a kind of perfected rondure. The analogy that comes to mind is that curvature of space by which our physical theory has succeeded in bounding the infinite and yet retaining it. This may seem extravagant, but it has a precise justification. Maritain shows us philosophy, as an autonomous discipline, rising to the occasion of purely contemporary knowledge—and rising with an elegance and range fully as impressive as anything in the sciences. The range is, I think, considerably wider than the range of reason, and wider than any physical science can touch.

The argument that unifies this book may in outline seem familiar. The nature of human knowledge not only permits but irresistibly requires completion by metaphysics; metaphysics brings within rational demonstration the supreme object of faith; faith centers and makes

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coherent the human community as reason alone cannot do. But the outline falsifies in omitting Maritain's depth of qualification, his living sense of fact and history, and the power of a mind that can contain in one glance the hylomorphism of Aristotle and the existentialism of Heidegger and Sartre. It is because these qualities at every point support the argument that the argument should be meditated carefully by responsible persons.

I should like to emphasize the sense of fact. The reader of this book will find himself tranquillized by the lucid and humble and constant attention bestowed by the writer upon things as they are, upon what is the case. There is not a page that merely resounds, not an inert page nor one out of kilter with the others. A half century of trained inquiry and speculation have brought Maritain's mind ever closer to the question at hand, whatever it may be, to specific objects or problems of thought: the final value of logical positivism, for example; the actual possibilities and limits of philosophical co-operation; the precise meaning of immortality; the exact distinction between scientific and philosophical knowledge; the impoverishment implied by the view of reality as history; the full implication of contemporary atheism; democracy and pluralism—subjects, most of them, that our daily experience thrusts upon us, whether we care to think them out or not.

There has been a gentling and broadening of Maritain's thought since the polemic brilliance of *Three Reformers*. As early as 1936, in *True Humanism*, he could admit Luther to his cultural universe for the value of an example in non-conformism; this is typical of Maritain's serenity as a Catholic thinker. In the present book it is characteristic of him to devote a number of pages to imagining how a Thomist and a Pragmatist might each improve his own position, without abandoning it, by an open-minded study of the other. Nothing of greater courtesy or earnestness could be conceived. The convention is speculative; the spirit is, and one must ponder it, Christian. That is to say, the thinker loves the thinking minds of others, loves the others, and his dedication to truth is illumined everywhere by a quality beyond scrupulousness, the quality of charity. It should not be supposed that there is anything feeble about this. On the contrary, Maritain's style is capable of lightning strokes of scorn. But his work reflects not only the discipline of philosophy but, like that of his master, St. Thomas, the discipline of prayer.

It is a moving concurrence, and in the final chapters of this book it achieves an eloquence that is evangelical, while remaining always a product of the philosophical mind. Maritain notes that the errors and false hopes of the last two or three centuries have ended in disasters plain to almost everyone, and are being forsaken; "people are even beginning to notice that the world is perishable, and that science without wisdom is of no use to man." But his hope of a new Christendom is a hope for the very distant future. Metaphysics must be re-established, contemplation must be restored, the "gust of formulas" and "prefabricated concepts"—including Christian ones—with which we meet reality must die down. Meanwhile the human agony continues, and "those who know why they die are greatly privileged people." To those who do not, the closing pages of this book offer an unforgettable tribute.

CLARITY IN THE MIDST OF DARKNESS

by Gerald W. Johnson

THE ASTONISHING THING is that ninety-nine percent of all documents that Abraham Lincoln wrote could be compressed into nine volumes—eight, in truth, for the ninth is the general index. One thinks of the fifty volumes in the Princeton edition of Jefferson, of the fourteen volumes that Judge Rosenman has given to Roosevelt's political papers, of the enormous tonnage of the Truman documents, and wonders. "All the farre stretched greatnesse" covered over, not quite with *hic jacet*, but certainly within a narrow compass as compared to others, is something of a shock. But Lincoln lived only fifty-six years and was prominent in public life for about fifteen—but what years! In our political galaxy he is like those intensely compressed stars of which the astronomers say that a matchbox full of their substance would weigh tons.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, edited by Roy P. Basler, assisted by Marion Pratt and Lloyd A. Dunlap (Rutgers; nine volumes; $115).

This edition of his writings was actually begun nearly thirty years ago, although intensive work started in 1945. In a foreword Dr. Basler, the editor-in-chief, gracefully waives his own claim to credit in favor of the Abraham Lincoln Association, of Springfield, Illinois, which did, in fact, sponsor the work and finance it in the beginning, although the Rockefeller Foundation came to its assistance later and assured its appearance at this time.

It is a handsome job. The format of the volumes closely resembles that of the Princeton *Jefferson*, admittedly a fine piece of book-making. The typeface is excellent, the illustrations well reproduced, the page a trifle long, perhaps, but uncrowded and clear, the drab buckram cover in admirable taste, the whole work distinguished in appearance and pleasant to handle and read. Physically, the volumes are worthy of their subject.

The editorial work is on an equally high level. Dr. Basler's waiver of credit will be noted by the judicious reader but given only a moderate degree of significance. As a matter of fact, he and his colleagues have assured themselves a distinguished position among American editors, first because their scholarly ability was equal to the task, but also, and more importantly, because they counted it a "large privilege," in Dr. Basler's words, "to survey more completely than any of our contemporaries, the slow and constant development of a great mind and personality oriented

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to the light in the midst of much darkness."

Incidentally that phrase, "oriented to the light in the midst of much darkness," is an apt description of the man Lincoln, of his writings, and of the project that has collected them in this convenient form. For in its literary—as distinguished from its historical—aspect, this set of books is the biography of a style.

Every journeyman logomach, everyone who makes play with words in whatever capacity, knows that the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural contain something that defies analysis, eludes definition and yet is the thing most vividly present in those documents. It is what we name a great style, which we know never appears except in association with a great man, but which we can describe not at all.

These volumes offer a rare opportunity to watch this mysterious thing appear. Lincoln was no early-blooming Chatterton; with one exception everything he acquired he got the hard way. The one exception is clarity; not even as a schoolboy did he ever write foggily; he was oriented to the light from the beginning. His ideas, to be sure, were very largely those of any other raw country boy, frequently distorted, frequently half-understood; but the half of an idea that he did understand he gripped with easy assurance from the day that he began to compile his own arithemetic textbook.

The intellectual climate of Illinois a century ago was definitely unfavorable to the development of an American Pater, but it could and did produce stylists. Modern lawyers are doubtful of the law you learn from Blackstone, and modern scientists more than doubtful of the paleontology you learn from the King James version of the Bible, but nobody doubts that one may learn from both how to communicate an idea with dignity, grace and power. Schooled in those two disciplines Lincoln learned better than any of the rest, but others learned and in their clashes they burnished each other; so the widespread notion that the man who came to Cooper Union was a miraculous evocation from an intellectual vacuum is superstition. He had been subjected to rigorous training, as you can see in the first three volumes of this collection.

But the transfiguring touch was still to come. The Lincoln of 1860 was not the man to write the Gettysburg Address, or the peroration of the Second Inaugural. The volcanic fires of war worked a miracle resembling that of the flames of Sinai on Moses' face, before which men shielded their eyes. The passage beginning, "With malice toward none, with charity for all" expresses an idea so radiant that to this day we dare not look at it except by sidelong glances; for uttered as it was during the last convulsions of the fiercest war of modern times it exorcises ferocity, renounces revenge, excommunicates hate. We are still not up to it. We mumble the phrases, but we do not comprehend them; and we avert our eyes because they convict us.

So, with all its merits, this splendid work leads to the old, familiar frustration. With difficulty but not without success we can follow a great style up to the blazing instant when it becomes sublime; but there we halt, blinded and confused. For that miracle does not belong to the realm of literary studies but to the realm of the spirit; for what makes not merely great, but the greatest writing is identical with what makes not great, but the greatest men.

One is thus reduced to the inanity of saying that *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln* is so valuable a book that it should be the cornerstone of any library of American history. It is a preposterously inadequate comment, but "the rest is silence."

THE ROUND SUNDAY SOUNDS

by John L. Sweeney

IN JOHN BETJEMAN'S *First and Last Loves* there is a passage which may be pertinently quoted in connection with the poetry of Dylan Thomas:

> The chief characteristics of Welsh chapels are a disregard of the established rules of proportion, very varied proportion for each building, though not much structural originality, and strong colour schemes.

It would be recklessly whimsical to say that each of Thomas' poems in this collection is a Welsh non-conformist chapel but there is something prayerful and distinctly non-conformist about most of them and at least one in every seven reverberates with loud, round Sunday sounds that send the ear's imagination back to the bettles' pews of a local Zion.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF DYLAN THOMAS 1934-1953 (New Directions; $3.75).

Thomas' story "The Peaches" offers a persuasive autobiographical suggestion. Gwilym Jones, almost twenty and his visiting cousin Dylan, much younger, are roaming a happy country day together. The scene is a pastoral one and Gwilym, as guide, introduces a peculiarly pastoral pleasure:

> A dusty wagon with the name painted out and a whitewash cross on its sides stood in the middle. "My pulpit cart," he said, and walked into it up the broken shaft. "You sit on the hay; mind the mice," he said. Then he brought out his deepest voice again, and cried to the heavens and the batlined rafters and the hanging webs: "Bless us this holy day, O Lord, bless me and Dylan and this Thy little chapel for ever and ever, Amen. I've done a lot of improvements to this place."

This is perhaps the way it all began. A country childhood and a countryside brim-full of the joys which make the child and the countryside one through the stirred imagination. Birds and streams and stones and ancient beliefs and Adam and Eve and God.

> And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman, the calves
> Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear and cold,
> And the sabbath rang slowly
> In the pebbles of the lowly streams.

And when man came into his experience and became his metaphor, the Son of Man also began to command the presence of his vision, sometimes as Jesu, sometimes as "My Jack of Christ" and many times simply and unforgettably in an image.

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In the beginning was the pale signature,
Three syllabled and starry as the smile;
And after came the imprints on the water,
Stamp of the minted face upon the moon;
The blood that touched the crosstree and
the grail
Touched the first cloud and left a sign.

It is no surprise therefore to find in Thomas' brief preface to this volume an acknowledgment which is itself a devotional expression.

I read somewhere of a shepherd, who when asked why he made, from within fairy rings, ritual observances to the moon to protect the flocks, replies: "I'd be a damn fool if I didn't!" These poems with all their crudities, doubts and confusions are written for the love of Man and in praise of God, and I'd be a damn fool if they weren't.

The Collected Poems provides at last what has long been needed—a substantial gathering of Thomas' poetry in a single volume. This book is well-printed and splendidly frontispieced with a photograph by Marion Morehouse. Until now we have had to take our view of Thomas through scatterings and selections awkwardly and inadequately arranged. Here we can see the growth of the poet and read each poem as "the cry of its occasion." The result is impressive and delightful. Achievement and promise striding along together and resounding with the best kind of nonconformity, poetic energy and song.

However, for a complete view of Dylan Thomas something is still lacking and that is a collection of his prose from *The Map of Love* and *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog* as well as some pieces which have appeared in *Wales* and *The Listener*. (His prose pieces are important not only in themselves but also because they show Thomas' creative vision at a different angle of reflection.) Here is another passage from "The Peaches." It sees a room in the house of Aunt Annie Jones.

The best room smelt of moth-balls and fur and damp and dead plants and stale, sour air. Two glass cases on wooden coffin boxes lined the window wall. You looked at the weed-grown garden through a stuffed fox's legs, over a partridge's head, along the red-paint-stained breast of a stiff wild duck. A case of china and pewter, trinkets, teeth, family brooches, stood beyond the bandy table; there was a large oil lamp on the patchwork table-cloth, a Bible with a clasp, a tall vase with a draped woman about to bathe on it, and a framed photograph of Annie, Uncle Jim and Gwilym smiling in front of a fern-pot.

The precise sense of detail in this quietly rhythmic inventory is the product of a poet's eye and ear but it is nevertheless plain descriptive prose, direct, unmixed and secure. It is a child's eye view—the view that records so rememberingly and exactly that an instantaneous awareness of change or loss, vacancy or void is experienced when a single thing is missing or out of its customary place.

So when something and someone is missing in Thomas' great poem *After the Funeral* the same room almost disappears in the concentrated experience of human desolation.

I know her scrubbed and sour humble
hands
Lie with religion in their cramp, her
threadbare
Whisper in a damp word, her wits drilled
hollow,
Her fist of a face clenched on a round
pain;
And sculptured Ann is seventy years of
stone.
These cloud-sopped, marble hands, this
monumental
Argument of the hewn voice, gesture and
psalm,
Storm me forever over her grave until
The stuffed lungs of the fox twitch and
Love
And the strutting fern lay seeds on the
black sill.

The sense of loss runs like a mine through most of Thomas' poetry but it is almost always at some point shafted for light whether the poet is remembering Ann Jones or refusing to mourn the death, by fire, of a child in London or recollecting his "green and golden" childhood or refiguring the fall of man. He knows that his hand, like Lear's, "smells of mortality" but his imagination needs no sweetening "ounce of civet."

My ark sings in the sun
At God speeded summer's end
And the flood flowers now.

PROLOGUE TO THE GREAT ADVENTURE

by Robert C. Cook

"ALL THE PAST IS PROLOGUE." As Dr. Huxley envisions it, the prologue comprises the process of evolution which has extended over an incredibly long timespan: five billion years is the estimate of astronomers and physicists. Dr. Huxley tells us that it comprises three notable epochs. First came a three-billion-year "inorganic" or "cosmological" phase.

EVOLUTION IN ACTION, by Julian Huxley (Harper; $2.75).

During this time our universe and the solar system evolved out of the most simple elements. Structures containing more than a dozen atoms were unknown during this era of primitive simplicity. About two billion years ago complexity reached a level on this planet of ours which foreshadowed the emergence of the simplest living structures. This initiated the "organic-biological phase," with increasing complexity until the third phase rose—the "psycho-social" phase.

Julian Huxley holds that this phase was introduced by the emergence of man with his power to develop the intangible, evolving structure of human culture, knowledge and experience.

Dr. Huxley emphasizes that "nowhere in this vast extent is there any trace of purpose, or even of prospective significance." The forces which have sculptured all the varied forms which inhabit the earth today have been three: "the capacity of living substance for reproduction is the expansive driving force of evolution; mutation provides its raw material; but natural selection determines its direction." Sexual reproduction is a remarkably effective way of bringing together all manner of different combinations of mutations to run the gamut of survival.

There is a clear pattern of acceleration in this evolution sequence: three billion years for Huxley's phase one; a billion years and more during phase two before organisms achieved a complexity and a

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structure firm enough to leave their traces in the pre-cambrian rocks; then crude vertebrates; and fish; and after further aeons life's first adventures on the dry land. Two hundred million years ago primitive mammals appeared.

Only one of this vast array of species —our own—has made any significant steps toward understanding the structure of our planet, has attempted to solve the mysteries of matter, energy, and life. Man with his unique brain came on the world only during the last "one-half of one-tenth percent" of the total time-span of life on this earth. Recorded human history comprises only a tenth of this miniscule fraction of evolution.

With increasing efficiency in that unique psycho-social process which is human culture, the rate of change is continuing to accelerate. In the early phases of human evolution, "each major change demanded something in the order of a hundred thousand years . . . during much of recorded history the time-interval of major change was around a century; while recently it was reduced to a decade or so."

The psycho-social structures which man elaborates with greater complexity are unique. His place in an evolutionary hierarchy is no anthropomorphic fiction:

> The greatest improvement ever made in the machinery of life [was] the improvement of the nervous system. . . . The [human] brain's complexity of organization is almost infinitely greater than any other piece of biological machinery. . . . With the emergence of mind—evolution has been gradually converted from a mechanical toward a conscious process. . . . It begins to be pulled on consciously from the front as well as being impelled blindly from behind.

Rejecting any manipulation of the evolution process by some undiscovered *deus ex machina,* Dr. Huxley, nevertheless, seems rather optimistic in implying that the break-through to a new deployment—at the level of mental evolution —is almost inevitable. Pointing out that organisms have improved in efficiency of function and in the organization of new powers throughout the evolution cycle, he postulates that "natural selection plus time produces biological improvement . . . . For advance, the standard is the general efficiency of the biological machinery. For progress, the standard is the process of improvement itself." This seems to imply a sort of pragmatic orthogenesis. Whether this will inevitably continue at the level of increasing complexity and rapid change characteristic of the psycho-social phase, seems questionable.

In this incredible century, the rate of change has reached an almost explosive acceleration. The heat engine made mill-ponds of the oceans and gave man wings. Electricity became the slave of man, and electronic communication has enabled all men to speak together. The mushroom-shaped cloud, the symbol of the atom's power, hangs like an incubus over a planet in the grip of an undeclared war for the control of the bodies, minds and the "socio-economic" structures of all men.

Two generations ago Henry Adams warned that man might soon be able to blow himself up; and very likely would. The H-bomb makes Adams' grisly prediction no mere play on words. Such a gruesome conclusion to evolution is altogether possible unless a new direction can be given to human history. The last half of Dr. Huxley's book is his blueprint for assuring that the long prologue will raise the curtain on something better than a blackout. The concluding chapters outline *evolution in action*—the catalyst of man's history from now on.

Dr. Huxley's faith that a sort of "improvement principle" assures a trend toward progress seems a little optimistic. No doubt the evolution process, increasingly "pulled-on consciously from the front," could achieve the break-through to the new evolutionary frontier of the mind. It seems to me that the break-through may be long delayed—even prevented by elements of the human psyche. Man's organism, of which his mind is only partially master, still carries many of the dark compulsions of his simpler cousins. Emotions still mainly determine human action, especially mass action. Today all men speak with one another. But men are not yet brothers. And the ether is heavily loaded with the rantings of demagogues. Salvation, if it is to head off the Orwellian State and the H-bombs, needs understanding and faith. It needs desperately a dedicated inventiveness which will consciously evolve—and fast—in the face of overwhelming obstacles.

When the mind of a Charles Darwin contemplated a tangled book a century ago and gave mankind a theory of organic evolution, scarce a billion man-creatures inhabitated our planet. A few thousand of them were constrained to try to understand what Darwin had to say, and how it affected human fate. Today two-and-a-half billion humans are ever-closer neighbors on a planet shrinking in travel-time between continents, in usable land and exploitable resources, and in elbow-room.

Dr. Huxley hopes that a tendency toward improvement is pushing us toward a more mind-dominated world. He has done a superb job of presenting evolution and its relation to human destiny. He has generated insight and understanding. He has brought renewed hope and faith that the frontiers are not all closed; that a new world does lie ahead.

Mr. Cook, a director of the Population Reference Bureau, is author of the book Human Fertility: The Modern Dilemma.

WHERE IS DIONYSIUS?

IN SEARCH OF THEATRE, by Eric Bentley (Knopf; $6).

THIS BOOK is a great treat, even if the total effect is somewhat depressing. Mr. Bentley takes us to plays all over the world. He is extremely successful in conveying the different kinds of excitement which surround the footlights in Paris, Stratford, Berlin, Rome, Dublin and on Broadway. He has clear views, frankly stated, and he has an interest in the scenery, lighting and construction of plays of a kind that gives all his discussions concreteness. He is, in short, an excellent guide who sometimes rushes us through a city where we scarcely do more than glance at the playbills outside the doors, and sometimes takes us onto the boards and tells us, from the inside, how he himself produced a play.

It is not his fault if we go away with the feeling that the theatre, like all the other arts, has—in most countries—very

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little to show since the war, that is not a rehash of expressionism and modernism of the 1920's. He is, I think, quite right in suggesting that the liveliest theatre in the world today is in Paris, while the most powerful living talent as a playwright is Berthold Brecht. The most vital conflicts in the world today are still those of the 1930's and 1940's, and they happen to remain real in Paris, and in the art of an exile who has returned to his country, like Brecht. One only has to read *Temps Moderne* to see that the debate between the Left and the Right remains real in France, because it was reinforced by the Occupation, from which the country still has not recovered. In England this debate has been made an anachronism by the success of the Labour Party, and in America by tremendous prosperity coupled with the Korean War. So the most vital decades of this century are only alive in the minds of the French and of certain exiles like Brecht, who have gone back to their country. In America we get Tennessee Williams, who although a genuine and vital talent does not in a *Streetcar Named Desire* cross the borderline which divides it from "really good drama. If it is never safely across the border, it is because here too the sentimental patterns are at work which cramp most honest effort in the theatre today."

And in England we have Christopher Fry, who keeps his plays in a state of animated suspense in which one wonders whether the writer has anything to say or no. Mr. Bentley does not really discuss Eliot's achievement, but apparently believes that Eliot does not think in terms of the stage at all. This is probably true. When I went to *The Cocktail Party* for the first time at the theatre I found myself trying not to look at the stage, but to listen to the fascinating rhythms of the language.

It will be seen that I share a good many of Mr. Bentley's prejudices. I agree with him in hating producer's interpretations of Shakespeare. Even at this moment the London Old Vic, having had a series of public rows between directors, managers and actors, which have diverted attention from its legitimate drama, has under its present director, Hugh Hunt, resorted more and more to the play of motives imposed onto Shakespeare by a producer. Like Mr. Bentley, I hate plays in which actors sit on chairs on a bare stage, and we are asked to imagine that they are in a 1906 model automobile, and in which they pour water into imaginery glasses out of an imaginary jug. But I part company with him in not particularly caring for Lorca's *The House of Bernada Alba* a play in which several women spend several hours discussing a hero who never appears. The idea of a hero who only exists in the conversation of the women would be dramatic in a story or novel, because there it would play on the fact that really all the characters only exist in written words, but on the stage not to *see* one of the main characters is surely simply frustrating, and in fact implies a misunderstanding of the nature of the theatre.

This book contains the most serious discussion I have read of Jean Louis Barrault's adaptation (made with Gide) of Kafka's *The Trial,* which was staged in Paris as *Le Procès.* This play was (as far as I remembered) simply slated by the critics and received no proper consideration. Reading Mr. Bentley's book, one realizes how the theatre suffers more than any other art from the attitudes of the critics, one of whose habits is to judge every play by the particular performance without consideration of what other actors and another producer might make of the script. This makes the theatre the art in which the writer is most liable to waste his effort, since he is utterly dependent on the production in which his work first appears. Apart from Shakespeare, not even the so-called classics of the theatre are safe from the judgment interpreted from particular performances. In London and New York, I have read criticisms of Ibsen written as though some revival of *A Doll's House* or *Ghosts* expressed every potentiality of Ibsen, and if the performance was a bad one, finally condemned him. Mr. Bentley quotes *Theatre Arts* criticism of Ibsen's *Borkman:* "With the exception of the last scene on a mountain top—when Ibsen seems almost at his worst—the whole production . . . is coherent and atmospherically effective." When one thinks that the critic who wrote these lines might then go on to lavish praise on a new drawing room comedy of Noel Coward, one sees the wasteful absurdity implicit in such a critical approach. All plays—except Shakespeare's and perhaps Shaw's—are levelled down and treated as though they were written by someone who was a common denominator of all playwrights, and then reviewed as though sometimes this Mr. X were at his best, and sometimes at his worst.

Mr. Bentley's survey of the contemporary theatre all over the world, is a protest against this kind of treatment of plays by critics, as it is also a protest against the commercialization of Broadway, and against the genteel hotting up of Shakespearean productions robbed of all poetry, by producers in London. He also disillusions us—perhaps rightly—about the theatre in Rome and Milan which has such a high reputation outside Italy. (All the same, I wish he had seen the performances of Shakespeare which are done every summer in the Roman Theatre at Verona.) But Mr. Bentley is not only a debunker. He is also concerned with maintaining standards of his own against the patrons, managers, critics and producers. If I understand him rightly, on the whole he supports an aim which might be generalized as "poetic realism." On the one hand he detests *chichi* artiness and over-interpretation. He thinks that the roles and the sets and the lighting ought to be as real as the conditions of the script allow. For instance, the lords and knights in Shakespeare's historic plays ought to represent the barons who terrified the kings—they oughtn't to be either the beard-wagging arted up dummies they usually are, nor the hotted up interpreted characters, each acting a little play of his own—whom Mr. Tyrone Guthrie is inclined to develop them into. They ought to be formidable, and everything should have its own kind of formidableness wherever possible. On the other hand, within this setting there should be the utmost poetry of language. The language of the writer should flourish in a garden where the objects look real.

STEPHEN SPENDER

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WAR IS STILL HELL

BACK DOWN THE RIDGE, by William L. White (Harcourt, Brace; $3).

WILLIAM L. WHITE is one of the most skillful journalists alive. He never tries to mastermind anything; like Edward R. Murrow of the Columbia Broadcasting System, he prefers the small picture to the big one, and by concentrating on what happens to a few individuals, he often succeeds in conveying great events better than he ever could by painting on a broad canvas. His *They Were Expendable* and *Queens Die Proudly*, to name only two, were done in this way and remain among the best reporting jobs of the Second World War.

Back Down the Ridge is another book in the style that has come to be White's trademark. It is about the care given American soldiers wounded in Korea, told by picking out half a dozen men who have been "clobbered" in the front line and saying just what happens to them thereafter. The care they get is undoubtedly the best in the world; it is enormously better than that of the Second World War, as is shown by the amazingly low number of deaths per hundred wounds. But a man who is hurt in 1953 is still in as much pain (until it is relieved by anesthetics) as the caveman was; the soldier who has a limb amputated still has a frightful readjustment to make. The fact that the war in Korea is receiving less spiritual support from the American people than any other in our history makes the problem of the permanently crippled veteran doubly hard to bear. In all wars the American GI is wonderful, and he was never more wonderful in doing his job than in this one, where so many of the men in the front lines share with a large section of the people at home an inability to understand why we are fighting at all.

Bill White's book is an honest account of a very grim business. If he does not dwell on the horrors, he doesn't minimize them either, and the result is sometimes pretty rough going for the squeamish. I defy anybody to read without being affected the story of the man with both hands gone, tactfully helping the one in the next bed to tune his radio, since the second one has not only lost both hands, but his eyesight as well. Many of these stories will make you more proud than ever of the American spirit as it is exhibited in these youthful products of our farms, towns and cities, uncomplainingly suffering some of the most terrible things human beings can undergo. They will help convince you, if you need it, that while we must continue to resist aggression, war is still a negation of everything mankind is supposed to have learned in the past 5,000 years. I wish a law could be passed requiring this book to be read aloud in every nightclub—every night.

BRUCE BLIVEN

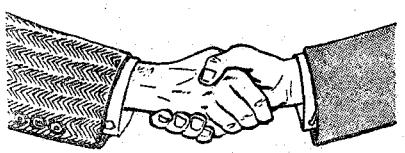
FOR ACADEMIC FREEDOM

THE REPUBLIC AND THE PERSON, by Gordon Keith Chalmers (Regnery; $4). EDUCATION AND LIBERTY, by James Bryant Conant (Harvard; $3). GENERAL EDUCATION IN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE, by Alan R. Blackmer and others (Harvard; $2). THE DEVELOPMENT AND SCOPE OF HIGHER EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES, by Richard Hofstadter and C. DeWitt Hardy (Columbia; $3).

THESE FOUR BOOKS are all investigations of the American school and college, although not the sort of investigation Congressman Velde hopes to carry out. Mr. Velde shows signs of fearing ideas, whereas these writers fear the absence of ideas. Taken as a group, they exhibit a depressing drop in intellectual morale from the books that men like Hutchins, Maritain, Meiklejohn and Van Doren were publishing ten or twelve years back. But if these later books contain some dreary questions and some dusty answers—well, American education is both drearier and dustier than it was ten years ago.

President Chalmers' book stands out in this new lot. Its author is that *rara avis* in American academic life, a college president who is himself educated. This enables him to discuss education from the inside, as it were, with humility but without fudging or trimming. It enables him to make short work of trends, attitudes, adjustments, social techniques, and the rest of the jargon that afflicts American discussion of education and to demand that we raise our sights and aim at nothing short of greatness in the person we are educating. He is rightly acid about the "disintegrated liberalism" of the thirties and he rightly directs us to the mainsprings of whatever is still good about that liberalism. His book has toughness, warmth, and wisdom. He is intelligent enough not to evade the question of how you go about educating a young man or woman as a person, but he is wise enough not to lose himself in the detailed discussion of means in a day when what is lacking is some comprehension of ends. This book has vision, courage, and faith, at a moment when all three are

The feeling is mutual



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in short supply, both on campus and off.

If Mr. Conant's book is of less universal significance, it is perhaps because he assumes the ends: American democracy, political liberty, equality of opportunity, the necessity for all our citizens to obtain some degree of instruction, and the necessity to do better than we have yet done by what Jefferson called the "aristocracy of virtue and talent," without which democracy threatens to lack leadership. Mr. Conant accepts the Anglo-Saxon tradition as the one in which we must seek answers, and carefully compares our American procedures with those which men have found and followed in other English-speaking countries. The resulting book is both useful and informative; given the task it set itself, it may be asking too much that it should also exhibit some of the insight that Mr. Chalmers brought to bear on the more general problem. But I find myself missing just that insight.

And I wonder whether, in seeking the best education for future generations of Americans, one does not seek first the best education for a man and then adapt it to the limitations imposed by time and place, rather than start off with that place's traditions—now, alas, perceived only through a thick maze of pragmatism and materialism—and then seek the education that will support the traditions. Judging by the state of our civil liberties, are our American traditions clearly enough grasped just now to define liberal education? Whereas, a revitalized liberal education of the sort Mr. Chalmers eloquently describes would both revitalize our traditions and carry them further than our forefathers could carry them.

The remaining two books in this group are of less interest to the general reader, and in spots they do not rise much beyond educational shoptalk, a kind of talk that has never been too thrilling even when the shop has been running better than the academic shop now runs. It is fair to point out that both are committee jobs. In *General Education in School and College*, the Committee reaches the inevitable conclusion that the freshman year at college is often a demoralizing repetition of the senior year at a good school, and that students should therefore be encouraged to skip a grade. The book is at its least impressive when it turns from educational means to educational ends in a chapter entitled "The Essentials of a Liberal Education."

Finally, Mr. Hofstadter and Mr. Hardy have done a staff study for the Commission on Financing Higher Education, set up by the Association of American Universities. Mr. Hofstadter wrote Part One and gives a brief historical account of higher education in America; Mr. Hardy analyzes the higher education which our country offers today. That Part One should be considerably better than Part Two says nothing, I suspect, about the relative intellectual competence of the two men. It was a good deal easier to see where we ran off the rails than it was to measure how far off we now are or to suggest how we might get back on. With that caveat, the fact remains that Mr. Hofstadter's thumbnail history furnishes some fascinating information. There is first the way our short-view utilitarianism has steadily dragged our educational process toward the mediocre, the trivial, and even the false. There is the fatal initial choice to place the government of our schools and colleges in lay hands, and in the end in business hands, leaving to them the "hiring" of teachers, a solution unique among civilized nations and disastrous for a profession that has thereby lost its professional autonomy. There is the consequent erosion of free enquiry and the life of the mind by sound—but irrelevant—business practices. One emerges from reading this book, wondering just how the teaching profession, so weakly organized as a profession, can hope to protect itself and the American people from the know-nothing anti-intellectualism that parades for the moment as anti-Communism. I suggest that it cannot do so, unless it stops talking shop long enough to examine again the basic problems to which Mr. Chalmers directs our attention. In that direction lie sources of courage and wisdom quite beyond the ken of the know-nothing boys and not, happily, without resonance in the souls of most Americans. STRINGFELLOW BARR

FOUR SPRING NOVELS

WHEN THE GODS ARE SILENT, by Mikhail Soloviev (McKay; $3.95). THE LITTLE EMPERORS, by Alfred Duggan (Coward, McCann; $3). LOVE FOR LYDIA, by H. E. Bates (Atlantic—Little, Brown; $3). THE STONES OF THE HOUSE, by Theodore Morrison (Viking; $3.50).

EVERY FIRST-RATE NOVEL is the product of an antagonism and a compromise. The antagonism is between the traditions and the individual talent. The compromise is between the traditions and the individual talent. The excellent novelist absorbs everything he can and uses what suits him. James, Tolstoy, Fielding, Sterne, Joyce—they are all great novelists because they are both eccentric and conventional. The bad novelist apes a tradition or accentuates an idiosyncrasy. But there are competent novelists in between who are neither great nor bad, who neither must be read nor ignored, as three of these novels illustrate.

When the Gods are Silent by Mikhail Soloviev could become a best seller because it surveys, in Upton Sinclair fashion, Soviet Russia from the revolution until now. Its hero, Mark Surov, is always where the important happens. He fights White Russians, sees Soviet slave labor, is almost purged, fights the Nazis, and ends up a Free Russian who opposes both Hitler and Stalin. He knows Vishinsky, Voroshilov, Borodin, meets Stalin, travels throughout Russia, works within the Kremlin, experiences conversion and disillusionment. There are even some passages about and in illustration of the drink of water theory of sex.

Through his character's actions, Soloviev communicates an intelligent comprehension of what happened in Russia between 1917 and 1945. Perhaps he exaggerates Stalin's fear-born malignity and the numbers who were purged or made slave laborers, but he makes most of his characters understandable mixtures of weak will and good intentions. Reading *When the Gods are Silent* you can learn facts and ideas, just as you can in the Lanny Budd novels. What you can't do is feel or emotionally understand, for all of the characters are one-dimensional and are described as

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banally as "the bold, intelligent, saucy Lena with the challenging gleam in her gray eyes." Mr. Soloviev's novel may interest many now but it won't for long.

A similar lack of depth and style prevents Alfred Duggan's *The Little Emperors* from becoming more than mildly interesting. No doubt the facts about Roman Britain in the fifth century are accurate; no doubt the little emperors who quarrel with and succeed each other are as much like many rulers today as Roman Britain is like any Western power plagued by bureaucracy from within and by Communism from without. But the characters never talk, they make speeches; they are said to have feelings but we do not feel them. The specialist in the pastness of the past will find *The Little Emperors* as exciting as a doctoral dissertation; the intelligent common reader will find it only a little more readable than the dreariest essay in historical accuracy.

Although his subject is not as broadly consequential as Russia since the revolution or Roman times that suggest the present, H. E. Bates has technical virtues neither Mr. Soloviev nor Mr. Duggan possess. His characters—at least the most important of them—talk rather than make speeches; one sees them and feels with them. The reader is often delighted by the felicitous, revealing phrase that has made so many of Mr. Bates's short stories eminently readable.

The trouble with *Love For Lydia*, one suspects, is more economic than technical. Mr. Bates has written some of the best short stories of our time, and made little from them; he has written a good number of mediocre novels that have sold well because their substance is designed for popular appeal. *Love For Lydia* is neither as lurid as the dust jacket makes it seem nor as good as one might hope from Mr. Bates. Lydia is a credible woman who feels rather than premeditates, who attracts and is attracted causelessly and almost ceaselessly; as unintentionally as a *femme fatale* she causes the deaths of others, but she never appears trite or sensational. One's complaint, after reading the novel, is not about his indubitable pleasure, but about the rather negligible illumination that is added to pleasure.

Theodore Morrison's *The Stones of the House*, by far the best of these novels and a very good novel indeed, seems from a superficial summary a good deal less important than the other three. It is about an acting college president's effort to get a new library and his diffident, ambivalent wish to become president "permanently." But any superficial description of this excellent novel must be deceiving. Pushpin and poetry are not equal but universities are more important than pushpin, and universities are part of the poetry modern society should and doesn't appreciate.

Andrew Aiken, Acting-President of Rowley College, is (unusually) the hero of this novel of academic life that suggests what life outside the academy is. He is egoistic, intolerant, and idealistic. Often he hates the means by which he gets his good ends; always he distrusts the purity of his desire "to do good." Though Andrew Aiken "does good" finally, the interest of the novel centers about the ambiguity—not the clarity—of motivation in a man of good will who could have headed a corporation or a newspaper as readily as a university.

"What good does it do to do good?" is the novel's basic problem. Man is born, man suffers, man dies. Such men as Badger Bratten, the stupid man of great wealth, Maurice Holberg, the suspected Communist, have their tendencies towards what we call evil. But no one has a definitive coloration. One grows to like Badger, like and honor Andrew and Maurice, pity the partially good in others. The microcosm of Rowley dramatizes the macrocosm of American society. One knows the characters emotionally, intellectually, physically and spiritually as one never does the characters in Mr. Soloviev's or Mr. Duggan's novels. The penetration of what unfortunately is, is both broader and deeper in *The Stones of the House* than it is in *Love For Lydia.* If you have time, read the three others, they are pleasant; you must read *The Stones of the House.* It is among the not many novels of the past two decades that enable one to understand both what is and what should be in the good society.

HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER

A MAJOR MUSICAL

by Eric Bentley

TO PREFER the opera *The Rake's Progress* to the musical comedy *Wonderful Town* is in my view snobbery; yet the opposite preference could easily be inverted snobbery. (Socially, we have the snobbery of the proletariat; culturally, the snobbery of the lowbrows; this is the age of the common man.) Sound critical grounds for approving musicals have not yet been established. The public accepts them *un*critically. Critics who like them give wildly irrelevant reasons for doing so, the chief one being patriotism. We came to detest the very mention of *Oklahoma!,* amusing as the evening had been in the theatre, because of the solemn pronouncements it elicited. The term Grass Roots was constantly appealed to, as if Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein were cowboys. Invited to accept *Oklahoma!* as an American, or rather Amurrican, *Magic Flute*, some of us could not resist the temptation to reject it as that and as anything else it might pretend to be. Yet we would have done better to accept it as a major achievement in a minor genre. This is what *Wonderful Town* is. Whereas *The Rake's Progress* is a minor achievement in a major genre: it challenges, but does not survive, comparison with Mozart.

Distinction of genre, and of major and minor, are "verbal," if you will; but they make a lot of difference. We all agree that *Porgy and Bess* is a great musical, but what do we all mean? We cannot mean that it is an opera—for that would be to say it is not a musical at all. It is curious that love of this work should lead critics to put it in a small niche beside Mozart and Wagner rather than a large one beside Sullivan and Johann Strauss. On what Olympian heights do we think we stand that we can pretend to look down on everything but the highest? One of Arthur Mizener's early essays demonstrated that we fail to know what are the first-rate qualities of Beaumont and Fletcher because we will only see in them second-rate Shakespeare. The point has application over the whole field of culture.

Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* is major work in a minor genre. For an example

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ward's unreal picture of Negro
l give it the reality of fantasy.
.s not Charleston, it is a modern
dia, a Negro never-never-land.
.hin such a dream, murder can be
.ssed over like a child's tantrums.

One critic described this tale of homicides, fornicators, and dope addicts as a story of "admirable people." The fact that he could think so is a tribute in the first place to the mythopoeic gift of Gershwin and in the second to the power of musical comedy as a convention. "Material seeks a form, as man woman": I envisage the Porgy material seeking not only the personal forms of George Gershwin but also an established framework with established associations for its audience: the framework of musical comedy. It is worth stressing that *Porgy and Bess* is a musical, not an opera, because the work of Heyward was to be salvaged by exploitation for "lower" not "higher" purposes. A musical is, *per se* a kind of fairy tale in which the Arcadia of Heyward's imagination could find its form. Even the pleasant nonsense of musical comedy comes in useful. It purges *Porgy* of a nonsense that was unpleasant both as style and meaning.

I do not want to carry my inverted snobbery (if that's what it is) too far, and pretend that *Porgy and Bess* is beyond criticism. Heyward and Gershwin created a world, not an action; an idyll, not a drama; a series of numbers, not a tragic or comic whole. The tradition of the musical is not that of music drama but that of operetta, vaudeville, and revue, it has the defects of its qualities, and towards the end of *Porgy and Bess* —as I judge from three different productions—the cumulative effect is not more impressive than it is exhausting.

If the new production is the most exhausting of the three it is partly because it is also the best; talent can be tiring. I found Robert Breen's directing very good; if the above speculations are true, their truth was revealed to me by his show. To do justice to the art of its outstanding performer, Cab Calloway, I should need a whole book.

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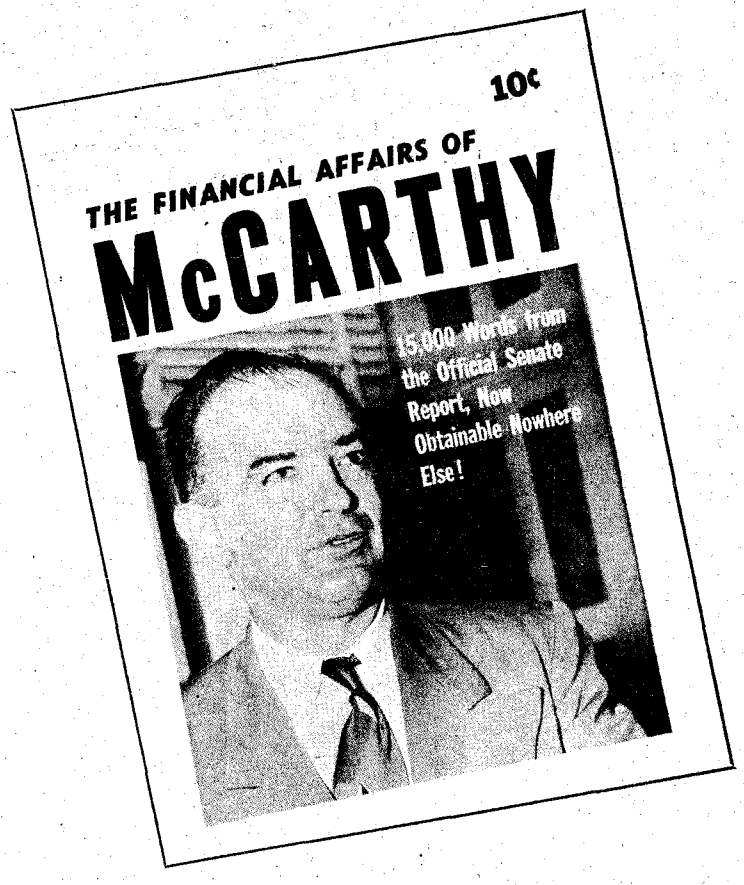

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